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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



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NEW YORK CITY.—ASSASSINATION OF COLONEL JAMES FISK, JR., BY EDWARD S. STOKES, AT THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL—THE SCENE OF THE TRAGEDY.—SEE PAGE 297.



FRANK LESLIE'S  
**ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.**  
 537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
 FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.  
 NEW YORK, JANUARY 20, 1872.

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## THE FRENCH SITUATION:

### HAVE WE A BOURBON AMONG US?

This question, which was so current here a few years since, may now be answered affirmatively by the French Assembly, where two of the Orléans princes—D'Aumale and Joinville—sit as Deputies. It has long been suspected that the ancient fox Thiers, the best part of whose long life has been devoted to the fortunes of the House of Orléans, has all along been serving the part of a warmpan for the Count de Paris, the legitimate successor to the Citizen-King, Louis Philippe. This movement confirms strongly that suspicion, although the veteran diplomat affected to have a preliminary quarrel with the Duke d'Aumale before his admission, and pretended indignation at some supposed intrigues of his, in favor of the restoration of his house, against the Republic of which Thiers is the very shaky head.

To all who know the place and the people, this whole thing looks more theatrical than real. It is a very stacy piece of business, and smells of the footlights before an indulgent audience.

We have long believed a permanent republic impossible in France—for the present. The existing one is clearly only a makeshift—and a very imperfect one at that—liable to break to pieces at any moment. The Commune, with its nightmare memories and aimless atrocities, has laid the "Spectre Rouge" for some time to come; and even the spectacle of our "Washington the Less," showing with how little wisdom a republic may be governed, and yet live, cannot reconcile the fickle Frenchmen to risk another Commune. So, while the Provisional Republic languishingly lives, everybody is plotting for the succession—and the Orléans branch of the Bourbons seems to have the start in the race.

The "well-informed correspondents" of the daily journals, who write an amazing quantity of nonsense about the state of affairs in France, and who gravely announce D'Aumale as "Lieutenant-General of the Kingdom" of France, with the Count de Chambord as King, might as well prognosticate Horace Greeley as our next President, with General Grant as his Secretary of War.

The jealousy of these two branches of the Bourbons is so great, that the Count de Chambord has openly declared his preference for the restoration of the Napoleonic dynasty, to that of the Orléans branch. But his opinion is of little or no value, and his faction smaller and more powerless now than it ever has been before. The weakness of the head has paralyzed the members of a party once strong enough to imperil the safety of the Bonaparte rule.

Now, the real struggle lies between the Bonaparte and the Orléans parties—between a restoration of the Empire or of a Constitutional Monarchy; the Republic having been slaughtered in the house of its friends, and offering to the excited imaginations of the property-holders of France no substantial guarantees for the protection of person or property.

One Reign of Terror might well cause the cry of Equality and Fraternity and of Republic to sound like midnight alarm-bells. But two Reigns of Terror, and the last but not recent, might reasonably cause them to distrust such high promises which bore such bloody fruit. Even now they have chosen as the head of their nominal Republic the man whose whole long life of seventy-five years has been passed in active protest against anything republican.

Monarchist ever, from principle and choice, the greatest glorifier of the First Empire, whose historian he was, and the trusted Minister of Louis-Philippe, M. Thiers's republicanism is of too late a growth to have taken deep root, and the people who elevated him to the Presidency knew it.

As between the Empire and the Orléans Monarchy, the French people are doubtless much divided. In the rural districts, the name Napoleon, and the traditions of the Empire, are still spells of power, which even all the shortcomings of Louis Napoleon have not utterly destroyed.

But the powerful middle class of France, the bourgeoisie, and the inhabitants of the great cities and towns, are mainly Orléanists, and the chances are therefore in favor of that house, unless the Army should resume its fidelity to its former master—which is not likely.

Therefore, we think it highly probable that, after a decent interval of delay, and of some more coquetting on the part of Thiers, we may see the Count de Paris sitting in the seat of his grandfather, as Citizen-King; a consummation by no means to be deplored by those who wish well for France, for he is a man of character and capacity, and has been taught in the school of exile and adversity those hard lessons so difficult to learn by princes reared under the shadow of a throne.

## WANTED—A SENSATION.

A new sensation for New York! The old ones are all played out. The Ring has ceased to be an attraction, and even the "sorrows of that poor old man" Tweed, the impenitent, and of Connolly, the penitent thief, have no longer power to interest the public mind. The Russian Grand Duke has come and gone, like an exhalation, and save in the palpitating bosoms of his partners in the dance, his memory has already faded from the minds of the fickle public who perspired in uniform to greet him. There is a dead lull at the present moment in the sensation line, and the jaded minds of our people, so habituated to strong stimulants, are suffering a collapse of a most deplorable kind.

As Mons. Gautier in describing the skulls in the catacombs declares "they yawned as though contracted with the immeasurable ennui of eternity," so our people are dreadfully dismal for want of a strong sensation; and even the irrepressible "Frisk" has ceased to be funny, going fast to "where the woodbine twined," under the instigation of the funeral British stockholders.

In his palmy day he used to give us sensations—Black Friday, for example—when the brother-in-law of our President thought he "saw the little joker" under the thimble for the benefit of his family. But like poor Yorick, he is "quite chopfallen now."

Even the genial and gentlemanly "Dundreary," and the Swedish swan Nilsson, have created their *furor*, and begun to pall on the pampered palate of a public cloyed with sweets. Yet, seldom have we seen so many stars shining in the theatrical heavens at one time as this Winter has afforded us a sight of, and several of our "fixed" ones still remain—witness Booth and Wallack. Still, the cormorant of a public, like Oliver Twist, "asks for more," and craves a new sensation. True, on Christmas Eve we did have a sensation up-town, but a disagreeable one—the sensation of

being left in the dark by the blowing up of the gas-works.

It threw quite a cloud over that celebration, for light and joyousness are almost synonymous, and it is hard to be "merry and wise" under the illumination of "dips," six to the pound, in lieu of our accustomed brilliant gas-light. So we had to celebrate our Christmas under an eclipse—which partially spoiled that sensation.

Politically, we have had an abortive effort at sensation by the well-known Blair family, who are entitled to the title of President-Killers, as Warwick used to be to that of "King-Maker," but their "possum policy" has been smoked out of its hollow, and did not attain the dignity of a sensation.

Since that time, saving the President's joke about Civil Service Reform, we have not had a ripple of excitement of any kind; and FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER hereby offers a premium to any one who will get up a good sensation.

## "SET A THIEF TO CATCH A THIEF."

The most striking illustration of the modern adoption of this old adage is to be found in the late proceedings in the Legislature of poor little South Carolina, now given over to negroes and the baser sort of carpet-baggers.

In that Legislature, the Governor has been assailed as a swindler, for felonious over-issue and stealing of State bonds, to the tune of many millions.

A Committee appointed by the Legislature to examine into the facts here in New York, has done so, and apparently fastened the fact upon him.

At the head of that Committee figures the notorious Whittemore, expelled from the last Congress for selling a West Point cadetship; and fiercest among the assailants is the gentleman who has just escaped the Penitentiary through the gracious interposition of President Grant, the equally notorious Bowen.

Is it not sad to think that vermin such as these should be permitted to crawl over the Legislature of the proud little State, and sully her fair fame by their contact, as well as by their rascality? Is it not high time to adopt the Greeley platform of Universal Amnesty as a vermifuge, and save the wreck of the fortune, public and private, of that unhappy people, the prey of rogues and vagabonds rejected equally by North and South?

There is another adage, as to the consequences of rogues falling out. It also seems likely to be verified in this South Carolina imbroglio.

And for this state of things General Grant is largely responsible, as he is to-day sustaining by martial law this branded felon of a Governor, who is a disgrace to the name of Republican.

## PREMIUMS ON PAUPERISM.

CHARITY has been extended to Chicago and its people in a broad and steady flood, to the credit of humanity and the consolation of suffering thousands. But the current of charity is chilled by the announcement that among the suffering thousands there are also thousands who abuse the generous sympathy extended to them by two continents, and prefer to live the life of idleness, to gain the rewards of industry—to be pensioners on the bounty of others, than to earn an honest and manly living. In other words, that there are thousands thronging the places where food and clothing and money are dispensed, who might gain the highest remuneration ever given to men in their respective vocations, and at a time when every spark of public spirit should burn as a coal.

Their conduct brings up forcibly, although in a modified shape, the problem that often disturbs, and sometimes distresses, the philanthropist; and which takes this form:

"Is not one chief cause of poverty, destitution and disease, that too much is done for those who will make no effort to help themselves?"

That, on the whole, we encourage pauperism, hardly admits of doubt. It is a hard thing to say that our refuges, asylums, almshouses, and other charitable institutions, of which the names are almost as numerous as their numbers, are mainly filled with the lazy, improvident and vicious. Yet such is a fact that no calm and philosophic visitor to them will deny. Many of them are kept up by people, if less vicious, certainly as lazy as their inmates, and who gain comfortable salaries, board and lodging, in administering what the public intended as charity, but which is really a premium on pauperism.

A similar criticism might be made on many of our hospitals and "homes," but we reserve the subject.

## WILD BEASTS AND SNAKES.

Few people know of the great destruction to human life effected by wild beasts and serpents in densely-populated tropical regions. British India is a comparatively small part of

India proper, yet the following are the official reports of deaths by serpents and wild beasts, in its various departments, for the year ending in 1869, viz.:

*Killed by wild beasts*—Madras, 883; Bombay (exclusive of Scinde, etc.), 148; Bengal, 6,741; North-western Provinces, 2,164; Punjab, 310; Oude, 569; Central Provinces, 1,347; Coorg, 147; Hyderabad, 12; British Burmah, 107; total, 12,554. *Killed by snakes*—Madras, 760; Bombay (exclusive of Scinde, etc.), 588; Bengal, 14,787; North-western Provinces, 2,474; Punjab, 1,064; Oude, 3,782; Central Provinces, 1,961; Coorg, not given; Hyderabad, 226; British Burmah, 22; total, 25,664.

The beasts of the field "sent for our use" forsooth! why these fearful records might almost lead us to think that we have been sent for *theirs*. Some 38,218 human beings have been killed outright, 12,554 by beasts, and more than twice as many more (25,564) by snakes, within the short space of three years! and these are but the deaths "officially" reported—how many thousands of other deaths have taken place from the same causes, in the districts from which no returns have been rendered, and how many more in lonely, isolated villages, in dreary swamps and wild jungles, from whence official reports cannot be obtained! Thirty-eight thousand victims make up a tolerable three-seasons "bag" for a moiety of one single continent.

Talk about the horrors of war! and the widows and orphans of the soldiers slain through the ambition of Napoleon! why the sum total of the butcher's-bill for British warriors actually killed in action in all the chief battles of the Peninsular war, including Vimeira, Talavera, Busaco, Barrosa, Badajoz, Salamanca, Vittoria, the Pyrenees, St. Jean de Luz, Nive, Orthes, Tarbes, and Toulouse, with Quatrebras and Waterloo thrown into the bargain, only amounted to 6,000. Talavera is mentioned as a bloody battle; it only counts for 800, i.e., for 88 fewer than the beasts of Madras have settled with tooth and nail. Waterloo stands good for 93 officers and 1,916 men, in all 2,009; a roundish number, and one which, according to Byron, so shocked the clerical staff of the Recording Angel, that when they came to it—

"They threw their pens down in divine disgust,  
 The page was so besmeared with blood and dust!"

a proceeding which does not appear, however, to have proved "a caution to snakes," for it is shown by the return before us, that, in the three years to which it refers, they did more execution amongst British subjects than twelve Waterloos.

## TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

We are getting gradually at the truth of the horrible massacre of the schoolboys in Havana. We had heard, through various sources, that among the murdered youths there were several who not only never participated in the alleged profanation of the tomb of the scamp Castañon, but who were not in Havana when the pretended outrage took place. This is now confirmed by the Havana correspondent of the *Sun*, who writes under date of the 23d ult. He says:

"From personal and careful scrutiny of the glass which covers the marble at the end of the niche containing Castañon's corpse, I am enabled to give you a correct copy of the only marks discernible upon it. There are two; one resembling the figure eight (8), and the other is a cross, not perpendicular, but formed by two scratches, somewhat like a St. Andrew's cross, thus, X."

"Dr. Ventura Oyarvieta, who was the intimate friend of Castañon and guardian of his children, assures me that he so testified, on his word of a Spaniard and a gentleman, before the court-martial, and further that these marks appeared to have been made with a diamond, and that he had noticed them some time before the reported desecration by the students. His voice was drowned, however, by the yells of the volunteers, who, thirsting for blood, would listen to no reason. It cost this gentleman no little trouble to get safe out of that howling mob."

"The Governor, Lopez Roberts, suspecting or not suspecting, how far his infamous plan to squeeze some hundreds of thousands of dollars out of the families of the students a ransom money would go, endeavored also to make himself heard on that memorable occasion, but he was hooted, pulled about, vilified by every epithet that such a crowd in such a case alone can use, pounded and rolled and kicked some distance on the ground, and finally locked up in the jail along with Generals Veneno and Clotío, until the sentence of death was pronounced on the boys."

"A strange reflection strikes me whenever I think of this awful murder of those children for the supposed desecration of a grave which never was desecrated. If the deaths of the eight lads and tortures endured by the thirty-six others dragging heavy chains about the streets, and subjected to blows at the will of the brutal overseers, be just, what penalty ought to be imposed upon those who *did* profane with every sort of filth the tomb of the illustrious José de la Luz Cabellero, whose memory the Cubans so highly esteem and venerate for the purity of his life, his learning, and his unceasing efforts to educate the youth of his country?"

The opposition to the "centralization" of power, national, State or municipal, which beset our ancestors, is rapidly dying out, and there is fear that we may go a little too far in the direction of consolidating power in fewer hands. All parties in the city of New York seem to agree that the heads of the city departments should be appointed by the Mayor, be responsible to him alone, and removable at his will. In this way only, it is said, can an



efficient and harmonious administration of city affairs be secured. It is proposed to make the city legislature consist of only a single Board of Aldermen. And now the Governor of the State comes forward and recommends that the term of office of the Governor should be extended to three years, with power to appoint and remove the heads of departments; the Secretary of State and Attorney-General to be appointed without the concurrence of the Senate, and removable at pleasure; and the Comptroller removable for assigned reasons. He would substitute one Superintendent of Canals for the State Engineer and three Canal Commissioners, giving him the same tenure as the Comptroller. No term of any executive officer should survive that of the Governor by whom he is appointed, thus giving the people power to make a complete change of administration every three years, and concentrating the whole responsibility upon the dominant political party. His plan, no doubt, is in harmony with the present tendency of public sentiment, which is a reflection of that developed during the late war, when the necessity of a "strong Government" was demonstrated. But what if a strong Government should finally become personal Government?

M. FEYDEAU, a clever French writer and pseudo politician, has propounded a mode of restoring the financial fortunes of France, which has one merit certainly—that of novelty, and probably quite as practical as that propounded by Mr. James Gordon Bennett at the close of our civil war. It is known that Germany has resolved to close all the great gambling establishments of Baden, Homburg, etc., within the coming year, the effect of which will be to drive off and keep away the lavish devotees of Fortune who have carried with them such a tide of prosperity to the great German watering-places. M. Feydeau considers this movement a kind of Puritanic concession to what he calls the Protestantism of Germany; and believing that people will gamble somewhere and somehow, he proposes that liberal France shall benefit by their follies at the expense of straight-laced Germany—in other words, win on the green-table what it lost on the field. He suggests that the French Assembly shall put up for sale the privilege of establishing gambling-houses in France, the proceeds to be applied to the payment of the public debt, or set apart as a war fund for the prospective renewal of the fight against Germany. And as an estimate of what he considers the value of such a privilege would be, he offers to pay for it the sum of \$50,000,000 per annum. M. Feydeau does not flinch from the moral aspects of the case. "Are not all the bourses of France," he asks, "and all the clubs of Paris, gambling-houses in disguise?" And he might add, "Do not two wrongs make a right?" or, "Are not chance and sagacity mere equivalents?" M. Feydeau would have made a good Tammany politician.

In California the people are asking for an officer much needed, but whose very name will probably sound strangely to most of our readers, to be *Forester*—in other words, not only to protect existing forests, but to see to their growth in districts that cannot be profitably devoted to grazing or agricultural purposes. We commend the proposition. The destruction of our forests is rapidly converting vast areas of territory into deserts, and preparing the way for destructive freshets at one time and devastating fires at another, drying up our mill-power and destroying our "finny tribes," from which of yore we gained great pleasure and some profit. "Woodman, spare that tree!" should be the inscription on the Forester's badge. We have preached to that text for years, and shall not faint from iteration. To spare is good, but to create is better, and we cannot too strongly recommend to the Prairie States and those of the Plains, as a guide for legislation, the following Act of the Kansas Legislature:

AN ACT to Encourage the Growth of Forest-Trees.  
SEC. 1. Every person planting one acre or more of prairie land, within ten years after the passage of this act, with any kind of forest-trees, and successfully growing and cultivating the same for three years, or one-half mile or more of forest-trees, along any public highway, said trees to be so planted as to stand at the end of said three years not more than one yard apart, shall be entitled to receive for twenty-five years, commencing three years after said grove or line of trees has been planted, an annual bounty of two dollars per acre for each acre so planted, and two dollars for one-half mile for each mile so planted, to be paid out of the treasury of the county in which said grove or line of trees may be situated. The bounty to be paid so long as said grove or line of trees are cultivated and kept alive, and kept in growing condition. That the County Assessor shall not assess lands planted and encumbered with forest-trees any higher than the lands adjoining, on account of the said lands being so encumbered.

If there are any men in the country which the President's metropolitan organ more bitterly denounces, on the score of corruption and all uncleanness, than any others, they are Jay Gould and James Fisk. We suppose the organ knows whereof it speaks. It ought to do so, since it is proved and unproved that in 1869 President Grant became very intimate with

these men. He traveled as a dead-head on their steamboats; attended their theatre; he dined with them, supped with them, visited them publicly, and let everybody understand that he was their intimate friend. It is understood generally that the President does not "go back" on his friends. Is he losing the only virtue, except silence, with which he has been credited?

Krupp's great iron-works at Essen, Germany, cover nearly eight square miles, and one and a half miles are under cover. They furnish employment for ten thousand men, who do their work under a discipline as strict as that of the military service. Castings weighing forty tons have been made several times in these works, and ten and twelve-ton blocks are everyday sights. There are forty-nine hammers in the works, of which four or five are twenty-five tons, three or four fifteen tons, and a large number five and ten tons. The greatest of all the hammers is a wonder, and cost \$500,000. Its foundations are one hundred feet deep, consisting of three tiers—the first constructed of solid masonry, the second of the heaviest and stoutest oaks to be found in all Germany, and the third of cylindrical segments of cast-iron, upon which the anvil-block rests. The head of the hammer weighs fifty tons. Its face is of steel, and in making it, after the steel had been cast, and while it was molten, cast-iron was poured into it from the back. Everything that belongs to it, and to the engine that operates it, is in duplicate and triplicate. Four steam cranes serve it, and these are each tested to bear two hundred tons, and are intended to bear forty-ton ingots, which are the largest cast. In 1866, sixty-one thousand tons of steel were turned out from these works.

The recent enactment of the Brazilian Government with regard to the slave population of the empire has been described in some quarters as an act of emancipation, but if it is one, emancipation in Brazil, like that in Cuba, must mean something not very like emancipation anywhere else. In the first place, it may be said to emancipate nobody. With the exception of a few hundreds of slaves who were so fortunate as to be State property, and whom the State freed forthwith—probably because they were only a few hundreds—the entire, enormous multitude of 1,500,000 or 2,000,000 slaves existing in Brazil are to continue to exist in Brazil. Slaveowners who may be desirous of emancipating their bondsmen are, indeed, generously permitted by the act to carry out their intention. As, however, they had this liberty previous to the act, any marked progress is not very visible. We must look to future generations before we can perceive the benefits, such as they are, of the new measure.

A CORRESPONDENT corrects some of the misrepresentations that the enemies of the "Commune" have sought to disseminate regarding the destruction occasioned in Paris during the late troubles. He says:

"The *Madeline* had its columns much chipped by bullets, but in only one case did the damage appear to be such as a cannon-ball would have caused. Cannon, where they were used, must have been laid with singular skill and care. There are no evidences extant now of their demolishing action. I was equally surprised and delighted to find that the Commune had spared the trees. Barricades were universally built of stone; and so the Boulevards are still lined by their leafy sentinels. I could not hear that any exact estimates had yet been made of the amount of private property damaged, but having gone carefully through the most hotly contested quarters, I do not believe that more than a hundred private houses were actually burned out. Many, however, were burned partially, or fired ineffectually. Sand, it seems, slakes petroleum, if promptly employed. The apartment of a friend of mine, actually partly inflamed, was perfectly saved in this way. In fine, much has been destroyed that never can be restored—pictures, statues, archives. But as to buildings, with the exception of the Hotel de Ville, there seems to me to be no absolutely irreparable damage done. A year hence, I presume to predict, there will hardly be a trace of *l'Empire Chatelet* and its fiery exit left."

The official returns of the losses of the German armies in the French campaign of 1871 are now completed. The total is 18,000 odd dead, 87,000 wounded, 6,000 missing. The smallness of the figures has excited much surprise; but there can no longer be any doubt as to their correctness. When compared with the rodomontades of "our correspondents" throughout the war—who made nothing of pulverizing brigades and smashing squadrons, covered departments with corpses, and left us in some doubt whether the human race in the countries affected was not threatened with extinction—the result amounts to the ludicrous.

COCOS ISLAND, in Lat. 5 deg. 30 min. N., in the Pacific Ocean, about six hundred miles west of the Colombian coast, has now for some years been occasionally occupied by treasure-seekers on a legend of a treasure buried by buccaners. At present it is again abandoned, but it is alleged a new expedition is organized. The island is not flat, as stated in many newspapers, but is volcanic, and two thousand feet high.

It is covered with timber and scrub, and being visited by frequent and heavy rains, is always green. The place is riddled with shafts, some one hundred and fifty feet deep. It produces nothing eatable.

## NEW BOOKS.

THE MONEYLESS MAN, and other poems. By HENRY T. STANTON. Baltimore: Henry C. Turnbull.

Not long ago there appeared in a Kentucky paper a charming *jeu d'esprit*, in verse, entitled, "Culex in Carmine," which, although utterly different in style and spirit, has taken almost as strong a hold on the public appreciation as the "Heathen Chinee" or "Little Breeches." As observed by a competent critic, "the license of art and satirical talent has seldom been more delicately exercised than in this *Grenze-like sketch*." This graceful poem does not, however, appear in the finely-printed and attractive volume before us, which is made up of fugitive pieces, on the whole, of decided merit. Its spirit appears, like a thread of silver, running through the illustration of the remarkable resemblance between men and mice, contained in an original poem by Colonel Stanton, on another page, entitled "Self-Sacrifice." The author has evidently the art of "working up" his subject.

In the volume before us, it is clear enough where both the sword and the sympathies of the author were during our late "unpleasantness;" but among what are obviously his later poems, we are glad to find a spirit as catholic as patriotic, as hopeful as brave, like that which breathes through the little adoration of Margaret J. Preston, copied in our last number. We are sorry that we cannot give *en extenso* Colonel Stanton's "After the War," but its sentiments will be read with spontaneous sympathy.

Farewell to all the memories  
That preyed upon our souls,  
And made us in our carnage time  
A populace of ghouls.

Farewell to every record mark  
Of cruelties and crimes,  
And a welcome to the sunlight  
Of dawning better times.

Already from the havoc-fields  
Where rolled the battle-drums,  
The busy clang of hammers  
And the din of labor comes.

Let us do our share of labor,  
Let us toil and sweat to-day,  
Let us lift our burthened neighbor  
From his falling by the way.

Land of Peace and land of Plenty!  
Richer far than any yet;  
May thy rising sun of glory  
In the shadow never set.

Goodly arms and sturdy spirits  
Over all thy fields be spread;  
Teach the children of thy people  
To be proud to earn their bread.

Send the golden harvest onward,  
Bear away the corn and kine;  
Open up the secret treasure  
Of the underlying mine.

Show the world your share of riches,  
Give to commerce what you can;  
Show the dignity of labor,  
Show the worthiness of man!

THE FIVE JEWELS OF THE ORIENT. By JULIETTE T. BURTON. New York: Masonic Publishing Company.

This is a beautiful volume, in which excellent taste is displayed, not less in the literary portion of the work than in its binding and general appearance. It is dedicated to the Sisters of the Eastern Star.

ÆSTHETICS; OR, THE SCIENCE OF BEAUTY. By JOHN BASCOM, Professor in William's College. New York and Chicago: Woolworth, Ainsworth & Co.

A very interesting and valuable addition to our literature, combining in a pleasant and convenient form the rules and principles applicable to the department of taste.

## NEW BOOKS RECEIVED.

From LEE & SHEPARD: "The American Home Book of Indoor Games."

From WOOLWORTH, AINSWORTH & Co.: "A Compendious Greek Grammar," by Alpheus Crosby.

From C. F. VENT: "Chicago and the Great Conflagration."

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Arrival of Victor Emmanuel at the Dépôt of the Place "Del Termini."

This illustration represents a recent event in the history of the ancient capital. Upon the arrival of King Victor Emmanuel at the railroad dépôt of the Place "Del Termini," an immense crowd assembled to welcome him. Flags were displayed at the windows, the wealthy were present in their carriages, the poorer classes on foot, the municipal authorities attended in full force, and a large detachment of military gave additional interest to the scene.

The illness of the Prince of Wales—*Bulletin at the Mansion House.*

During the illness of the Prince of Wales the most intense excitement has prevailed among the populace. The slightest news from him has been watched for and eagerly devoured by all classes. Our engraving represents the posting up of a news bulletin, containing latest accounts of the Prince's health. Crowds are gathered about the Mansion House, the scene of operations, and loud cheers go forth from the multitude on hearing of any improvement in his Highness's condition.

Installation of the new Archbishop of Paris at Notre Dame.

The pallium of the late Archbishop Darboy, who perished in the massacre of the hostages under the brief rule of the Commune in Paris, has fallen upon the shoulders of a distinguished prelate, Joseph Hippolyte Guibert, and the ceremonies appropriate to the assumption of his high and holy office took place at Notre Dame on the 27th of November last. Our illustration represents the scene in the Cathedral at the moment of his enthronement in the Archiepiscopal Chair.

Arrival of the Cardinals at the Quirinal Palace.

This illustration, and the following one representing a feature of the carnival at Rome, are taken from sketches by the great painter Regnault, who was killed while serving as a volunteer in one of the battles around Paris last winter. This represents a scene in Rome before the recent Italian occupation. Its location is the Quirinal. That ancient building,

grass-grown and spider-haunted, suddenly awakens into life, and reproduces for a while the splendors of the past. The carriages and rich liveries of the cardinals defile before the walls, the building becomes a veritable monastery of cardinals, while a crowd, composed of the representatives of twenty nations, fixes its eyes on the balcony, and hails with respectful curiosity the venerable chief of the Roman faith.

## Popular Demonstrations at Brussels.

Some weeks since, the quiet of the capital of Belgium was disturbed by movements on the part of the people, which at one time threatened to assume the proportions of a revolution. The occasion of these demonstrations was the appointment of M. Decker to the position of Governor of the province of Limbourg. An assault having been made upon this action of the Government by one of the Liberal party in the Chamber of Deputies, his remarks were followed by an assemblage, on the next morning, of excited citizens, loud in their denunciations of the Ministry, and in such numbers as to render entrance to the Chamber very difficult to the members. Quiet was, however, restored within a few days, by the dismissal of the obnoxious official.

## Carnival at Rome—Start for the Race in the Piazza del Popolo.

Everybody has heard of the horse-races at Rome during the Carnival. To the English spectator, accustomed to the springy turf of Doncaster or Newmarket, and the skill of such men as Fortham or Challenor, the sight appears not very sportsmanlike. Six Barbary horses, perfectly unbroken, without riders, bits or bridles, are sent forth along the Corso from the Piazza del Popolo. Terrified by the shouts of the crowd which follows them, and of the lookers-on at the windows, they dash along with flaming eyes, foaming mouths, and flowing manes. The swiftest are cheered and shouted at till they leap like kangaroos, while those in the rear are saluted with hisses and yells. At the end of the Piazza del Venezia a senator sits in a balcony and bestows the prize on the winning animal, adding also a magnificent banner of gay colors in silk, and richly embroidered with gold. These flags are furnished by the Jews of Rome, as a sort of feudal tribute.

## The Duke d'Aumale at a Stag Hunt in the Forest of Chantilly.

The Orléans family seem determined that their recent admission to the privilege of residence upon the soil of France shall not be forgotten by the people. The Duke d'Aumale appears, perhaps, more prominently than any of his relatives as a candidate for popular favor. The Forest of Chantilly, one of the old domains of the family, has recently been the scene of numerous festivities having that object in view. We give a representation of one of these events in the shape of a stag-hunt in the forest, which was largely attended, and in which the Duke d'Aumale was the lion of the occasion.

## MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

Mlle. Aimée and her opera troupe start out for a traveling tour on or about February 5th.

M. W. LEFFINGWELL opens at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on January 22d.

MR. JAMES WEHLI, the accomplished pianist, assisted Mrs. Moulton during her southern trip, and won deserved popularity.

The receipts of the Olympic Theatre, January 1st, were \$3,550—unprecedented figures for a New Year's Day, when powerful counter-attractions were offered at every house.

Mrs. MOULTON has met with signal success in her concert tour through the Western and Southern States. She will shortly return to New York, and will give some grand concerts here.

MR. THEODORE THOMAS has successfully inaugurated a season of concerts by his famous orchestra at Steinway Hall, which will embrace some of the strongest efforts that have made his name so potent.

MARION MORDAUNT, having had a piece written for her called "Daring," in which this lady has an opportunity to display her versatility, will open at the Park Theatre, Brooklyn, on January 15th, and then go West and South.

CAROLINE RICHINGS-BERNARD finished her three months' engagement with John T. Ford on December 31st, and commences a star engagement with her musical dramas at Albany, January 15th, and goes thence to Buffalo for the 22d, and Rochester on the 29th.

Mlle. Aimée's season of *opéra bouffe* at Lina Edwin's Theatre continues successful to herself and interesting to many admirers. The programme is subject to frequent change, and besides the familiar pieces of other days, she has brought out several new *chefs d'œuvre*, which have been well received.

WACHTEL'S movements for the next two months are as follows: Baltimore, January 22d; Pittsburg, 29th; Cincinnati, February 5th; Louisville, 12th; Indianapolis, 14th; Milwaukee, 19th; St. Louis, 26th. He appears in Italian opera with Mme. Parepa-Rosa, at the Academy of Music, New York, at Easter.

Mrs. MACREADY, who has made Providence her home for some time, is soon to start on an extended tour, visiting thirty-five different cities, in each of which she will give her impersonation of *Shylock*, in the "Merchant of Venice," a part never attempted by any other lady. Mrs. Macready will have the support of a good traveling company.

MR. ARTHUR MATTHISON has made a complete success as *Count Rudolph*, in the "Black Crook," his acting being generally admired; and this, with the addition of his capital singing voice, and musical knowledge, should make him indispensable in romantic spectacles, as few singers can act so well, and few actors can equal him in his vocalization.

Mlle. NILSSON enjoyed an unusually hearty "farewell" at the Academy of Music, New York, on the evening of January 30, appearing in the "Bride of Lammermoor," with Brignoli as *Edgardo*. She received many floral offerings and other demonstrations of esteem. We are glad to learn that a Spring season of opera will be commenced in March, when several works will be brought out that have not been given this winter.

On New Year's Night, after the performance at the Olympic Theatre, Humpty Dumpty Fox was serenaded at his residence, No. 177 Clermont Avenue, Brooklyn, by the members of the orchestra of the theatre, under the direction of Professor Streibinger. The members of the company were also present, and jovial entertainment was offered them by their popular manager.

THE once reigning favorite of the stage, Miss Matilda Heron, will be the recipient of a grand testimonial benefit at Niblo's Garden on Friday afternoon, January 12th. It is the result of a meeting of the principal metropolitan managers, and all the leading lights of the profession have tendered their services in behalf of one who reflected such glory on the stage, and whom sorrow and sickness have now



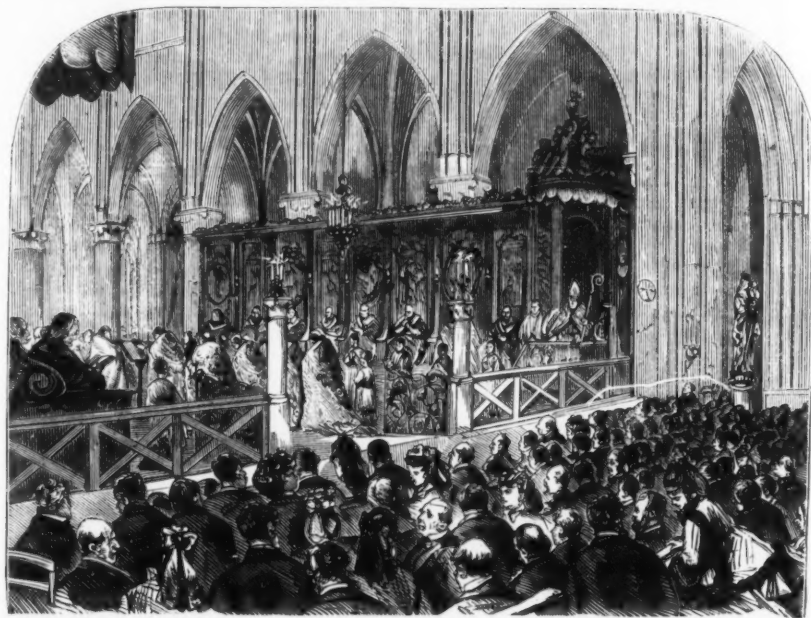
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF KING VICTOR EMMANUEL AT THE RAILROAD DÉPÔT OF THE PLACE "DEL TERMINI," IN ROME.



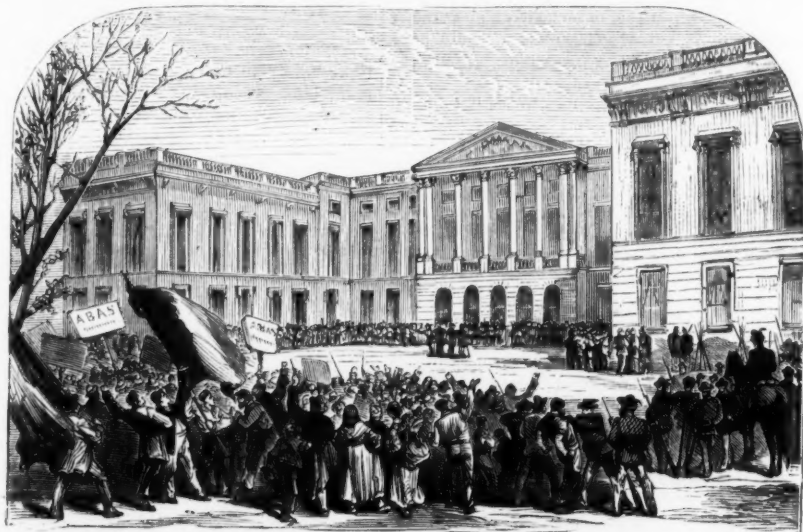
ENGLAND.—THE PRINCE OF WALES'S ILLNESS—POSTING THE BULLETIN AT THE MANSION HOUSE.



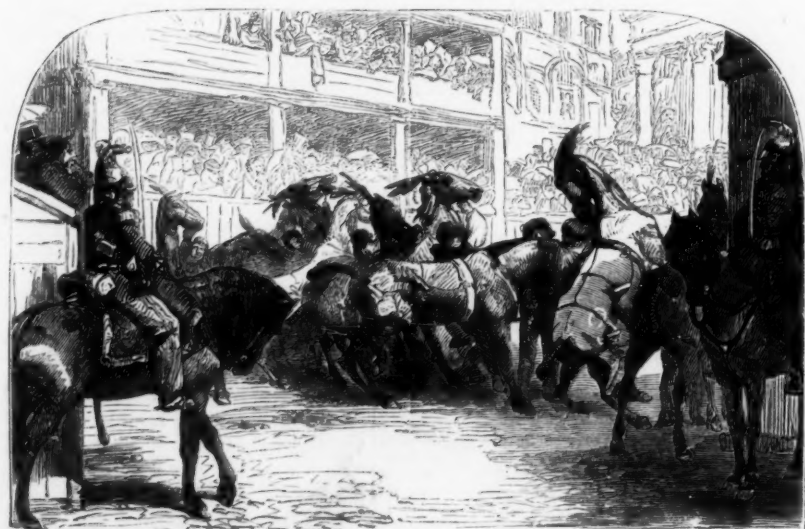
FRANCE.—INSTALLATION, AT NOTRE DAME, OF THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF PARIS.



ITALY.—ARRIVAL OF THE CARDINALS AT THE QUIRINAL PALACE, ROME.



BELGIUM.—POPULAR DEMONSTRATIONS, AT BRUSSELS, IN FRONT OF THE CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.



ITALY.—THE CARNIVAL AT ROME—START FOR THE RACE IN THE "PIAZZA DEL POPOLO."



FRANCE.—THE DUKE D'AUMALE AND HIS FRIENDS AT A STAG-HUNT IN THE FOREST OF CHANTILLY.





NIAGARA.—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS AND HIS SUITE, AS THEY APPEARED WHEN ABOUT TO GO UNDER THE CATARACT.

#### MOVEMENTS OF THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS.

The Grand Duke and suite arrived at Niagara, from Toronto, on the 22d of December, and were received by Colonel Sidney Barnett and the Hon. T. C. Street, M.P. A guard of honor, consisting of one hundred men and the band of the Forty-fourth Regiment Canadian Volunteers, greeted the party with an Imperial salute, the band playing appropriate airs.

The distinguished travelers were conducted to sleighs, outside the station, and driven up to the Falls. The party stopped at the Museum, and were enrobed in one of the parlors, to descend below the great Horseshoe Falls. Much merriment was created by the appearance of the gentlemen in their rubber garments, and they found high enjoyment in their view of the falling waters.

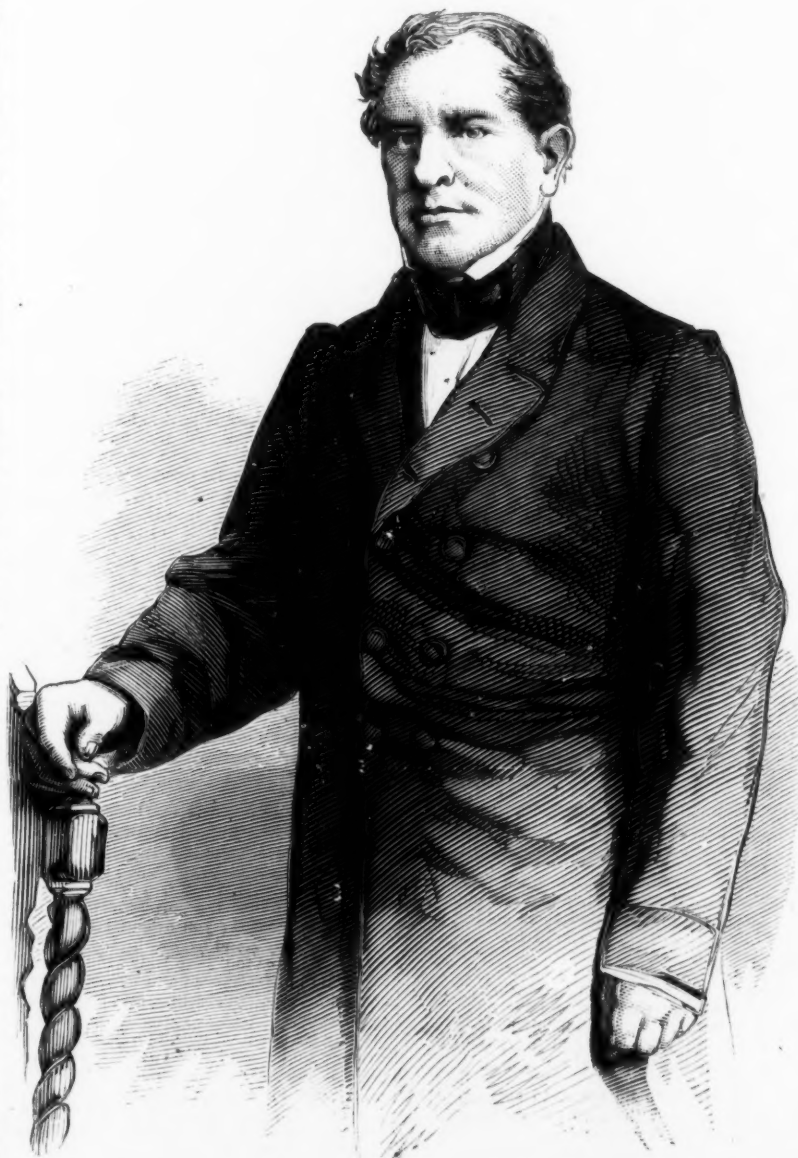
His Highness spent New Year's Day in Chicago, being favored with an exhibition of the custom of holiday calling by General Sheridan, and generous evidences of the esteem of a sadly stricken city. The ride over the burnt district on the 1st was as interesting an occasion as he has yet participated in.

The visitors expressed great sorrow at the loss of the city, and repeatedly uttered regrets that it had not been their good fortune to visit Chicago before her downfall. Workmen were largely engaged in building, and the general work of reconstruction only ceased for a moment as the procession passed, to catch a satisfying glimpse of somebody whom they could recognize as the Grand Duke. At the street-corners, and on River Street especially, crowds of people gathered, and, as the party passed, cheered lustily in honor of the Duke. When the carriages turned into Michigan Avenue from Twelfth Street, there commenced a flutter of handkerchiefs, or whatever else the ladies happened to have with them (possibly their hearts), which continued without material abatement until the procession passed beyond the region of elegant residences and lost sight of the ladies.

#### THE LATE JAMES H. HACKETT.

MR. JAMES H. HACKETT, whose death was announced in our last issue, was one of the most venerated actors America has yet produced. He was born in William Street, New York city, some seventy-one years ago, and educated at Jamaica, L. I., and Columbia College. He lived, during his boyhood, at Jamaica, and there joined an amateur dramatic association, which probably determined his professional career. He afterward joined an itinerant company of players, and made his first public appearance in Newark, N. J., under the assumed name of Young, when he was but sixteen years old.

In 1820 he went into mercantile pursuits, and married a Miss Lee Sugg, a charming English actress and vocalist. His return to the stage



THE LATE JAMES H. HACKETT.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.

occurred in 1826, when he appeared at the Park Theatre, in this city, as *Justice Woodstock*, in "Love in a Village." He continued with the Park Theatre for some time, and after visiting England, became manager of the Bowery and Chatham Theatres. In 1849 he was joint manager with Mr. Niblo of the Astor Place Opera House, during which year the Macready riots took place. During the years 1828, 1832, 1845 and 1852, Mr. Hackett appeared in England, and was always received with favor by the better class of theatre-goers. During the last twenty years Mr. Hackett confined his professional duties to one or two rôles, the principal and the best of which was *Falstaff*. In this character he was welcome everywhere, and he made it the sole attraction of many a starling tour.

Mr. Hackett was in truth an actor of great versatility and strong mimetic powers, but his tastes and his associations appear to have led him to abandon the low comedy line in which he early excelled, and with the exception of his *Falstaff*, the present generation has little knowledge of his humorous talents that delighted our fathers in the portrayal of *Nimrod Wildfire*, and similar almost forgotten characters. His last appearance on the stage in this city was in 1870, when he played a star engagement at Booth's Theatre. He was then seventy years of age, but his *Falstaff* was unimpaired.

Mr. Hackett was a great student of Shakespeare. In 1862 he published "Notes, Criticisms and Correspondence upon Shakespeare's Plays and Actors," which was termed very appropriately "a Shakespearean lurch." He made a close acquaintanceship with the late President Lincoln, and many were the critical and story-telling bouts which the two had together during the stirring scenes of the war. Mr. Hackett was also honored, while in England, by receiving a present of a brooch from the Prince Consort as a mark of his admiration for his abilities as an actor. He was also the projector of the Central Park Shakespearean statue (now done and housed), which is to be erected in April next, on the poet's birthday; and one of Mr. Hackett's dying regrets was, that he could not live to see it in place, and participate in the interesting ceremonies.

#### NEW YEARS' ENTERTAINMENT AT THE CITY HALL.

THE New Year came upon the official life of New York with an unexpected bluster. A Board of Aldermen was to be sworn in by the Mayor, when, lo! two bodies claiming that distinction presented themselves. The Old said they would serve another year; the New, that they shouldn't. The one claimed the seats and privileges; the other laid stress on a higher title given by the people at the last election. The Old folks said if they couldn't rule, they could impeach the Mayor, for pre-



venting them, while the New folks obtained the open sesame to the Board Chamber from the new Commissioner of Public Works. There were confusion and swearing, squeezing and counterswearing, with fine oratorical gymnastics. Rooms were locked, and rooms were unlocked; old officers said they wouldn't, and shortly after, did.

The farce progressed dramatically, and a party of policemen were gathered from the dull precincts up-town, to see the fun.

The clowns astonished themselves and their friends. There was great sport.

The play wore on, keeping up its interest faithfully. At length, the final act was reached; Mayor Hall administered the oath of office to the members of the New Board, and the curtain was rung down.

The enjoyment was so great, that, during the balance of that, as well as the following day, parties collected about the scenes, debating with enthusiastic speech the grand holiday performance.

### SELF-SACRIFICE.

By COLONEL HENRY T. STANTON.

It is in that edge of Winter,  
When the frost its silver splinter  
Throws along the window-glass;  
When upon the crusty border,  
In a cruel, sad disorder,  
Hang the brown lines of the grass—

It is in that time for sighing,  
When the dry things underlying,  
Give their crisping to the feet;  
When the wrecks of vernal races,  
With their painted brazen faces,  
Go abandoned in the street—

It is in that sober weather  
When the fowls are more in feather,  
And the furs are thicker grown,  
That the world shrinks under cover  
From the dun clouds reaching over,  
And the cares of life are known.

Only such as keep in storage  
Goodly bins, from Summer forage,  
May the barren days defy;  
For the dreamy thing that lingers  
With the blossom in its fingers,  
When the Winter comes, may die.

But in many living creatures  
There's an impulse of their natures,  
Over care of life and self,  
And to save some thriftless neighbor,  
Man will yield his fruits of labor,  
Though it sacrifice himself.

Here's a case that is not common  
Even in the higher human,  
Though from underneath his house—  
'Tis a simple illustration  
From the lower tribe and nation,  
Of an antiquated mouse.

It was in that edge of Winter,  
When the frost began to splinter  
Into pictures on the glass—  
When the red along the hearth  
Told a rapid change of weather,  
That the matter came to pass.

And 'twas in a tunneled entry  
From a kitchen to a pantry,  
At the noontide of the day—  
Though the place was gloomy rather—  
That the antiquated father  
Had a solemn thing to say.

So they came from every quarter,  
Male and female, son and daughter,  
There to hearken to the sage,  
And with quiet, sober faces,  
There assumed such proper places  
As accorded rank and age.

It was not a common meeting,  
Where they scramble over seating,  
Making every kind of noise;  
For the maids were prim and steady—  
Each and every one a lady—  
And a decent set of boys.

There was no outrageous stamping,  
Like a stud of horses tramping,  
On a shaky bridge of rails;  
But they sat respectful, stilly,  
Doing nothing rude or silly,  
With their faces, feet or tails.

When the latest mouse had entered,  
With attention duly centred,  
And all noises under ban,  
From his chill and dusky corner,  
Like an aged and shaken mourner,  
Thus the patriarch began:

"I have called you here together,  
At the dawn of Winter weather,  
For a purpose fixed and strong;  
And you see I'm frail—I tremble,  
For I cannot now dissemble,  
That my days may not be long.

"Through the Summer, daily—nightly—  
I have sought to teach you rightly  
How to manage for your food;  
And I'd like to guide you longer,  
For there's naught in life that's stronger  
Than the holy tie of blood.

"But, my children, I am going  
Where the bread of life is growing,  
In the Good Place up above;  
And I leave you now in sorrow,  
To the mercies of to-morrow,  
With a legacy of love.

"You will find it somewhat harder  
To be keeping up your larder,  
As the bleaker days go by.  
And I will not be your burden—  
And I pray this as a guerdon—  
Just to turn away and die.

"So, my darlings, come and kiss me—  
You will sometimes sigh and miss me,  
But I know 'tis for the best.  
Let you hearts be light and cheery,  
For I'm going where the weary  
And the laden are at rest."

Ere the sage had finished speaking,  
There began a bitter squeaking  
All around about the place,  
And a troop of tearful misses  
Came and covered o'er with kisses  
All the beard upon his face.

Then he gave such admonition  
As befitted their condition,  
And he urged them not to cry;  
And he said: "All life is sorrow,"  
And that maybe they to-morrow,  
Would be going off to die.

And his sturdy sons protested  
That he never should be wrested  
From the kindness of their care;  
That they'd undergo the squeezes  
Of all crevices, for cheeses,  
And for other dainty fare.

He should nibble at his leisure  
From their fullest store and treasure,  
And should never come to want;  
That they'd fill the tunneled entry  
From the kitchen to the pantry,  
And that nothing should be scant.

But in vain was all persuasion—  
He had taken that occasion  
Just to speak a sad good-by;  
He would bear no further pressing,  
So he gave them all his blessing,  
And he tottered out to die.

Now, most truly, this was noble,  
Though 'twas sore and bitter trouble  
Thus to see the parent go;  
For the winds without grew bolder,  
And they whistled shriller, colder,  
Of the coming ice and snow.

Through the dark, unfriendly weather,  
Went they, foraging together,  
All the little orphaned mice;  
And their ways were illy chosen,  
For their feet and tails were frozen  
On the bleak plateaux of ice.

Sad indeed their lives, and trying,  
Full of sore distress and sighing  
For a father's guidance bold,  
And they wept such tears as only  
Little orphans, wretched, lonely,  
Weep for parents in the mold.

By the wicked, cunning kitten  
Some were caught and badly bitten,  
Others met their fate in traps;  
Some were lying in the gutter,  
Dead of poisoned bread and butter,  
And from other sad mishaps.

When at last there came a murmur  
From the trees, denoting Summer,  
They were very few indeed;  
All were caught, or killed, or frozen—  
All, except, perhaps, a dozen  
Now in dire distress and need.

True, they held their tunneled entry  
To the old haunts in the pantry,  
Where the shelving ran below;  
But above the cornice, higher,  
Though 'twas greatly their desire,  
They had never dared to go.

Now, at last, their need was sorer,  
So they sent a bold explorer  
To the very topmost shelf;  
One who swore to find the upper  
With his narrow chance for supper,  
Though he sacrificed himself.

Up he clammers, now, and squeezes  
Right between some bigger cheeses  
Than he'd ever seen before,  
And he signaled with a squeak, a  
Something very like Eureka  
To the orphans on the floor;

And they raised their tails and started,  
Very brisk and happy-hearted,  
Up the angle of the wall;  
Some were breathing like a furnace,  
And they overcame the cornice  
In a fever, one and all.

Though the mice were not so many,  
Yet the biggest cheese of any  
Was their object of attack;  
And a mouse who ran around it,  
Just to circumscribe and bound it,  
Found it open at the back.

It was hard and heavy-crusted,  
Very green outside and musty,  
And they thought it not a sin,  
When their strongest, and their oldest,  
And their biggest, and their boldest  
Brother orphan ventured in.

So they all began to follow,  
And they gathered in the hollow  
Of the new-discovered house,  
And within—oh, melancholy!  
Very sleek, and fat, and jolly,  
Sat that gray, paternal mouse.

This is where he came, in sorrow,  
When he left them to the morrow  
With his legacy of love!  
This the heaven he was seeking,  
When he left his children, squeaking  
Of the "Good Place up above!"

He who would not be a burden—  
He who prayed it as a guerdon  
Just to totter out and freeze—  
He had tottered out the entry,  
To the "Good Place" in the pantry,  
And had "frozen to" a cheese.

### MISS TOWNSEND'S CRUISE.

THE superb, elegant, rich and beautiful Miss Townsend sat, one delightful afternoon, upon a cliff overlooking the sea, together with her bosom friend and companion, Miss Mandel. Both the fair creatures languishly supported white parasols with rose-colored linings, and gazed through two pairs of gilt opera-glasses at a gallant yacht-race that was enacting beneath them. Five mighty yachts contended, each going rapidly, with the wind on their quarters, and two of them led the rest; one of these bore a white flag with a blue anchor in the middle of the ground, and the other a blue flag with a scarlet star in the centre.

"Oh, oh!" ejaculated Miss Townsend, with a powerful clasp of her tiny palms, "Dick Randige is going past him. He flies the white flag."

"Excuse me, my love," responded the calm Miss Mandel; "little Tom Spooner is beating him."

"What! That little brute with eye-glasses beat the noble Dick? Ah! no, no, my heart's desire; the gods, Neptune and all the rest, will not permit it!"

But she looked anxiously through her glasses again. The blue flag was certainly getting on very well indeed, for clear water began to show between the two boats.

Miss Mandel chuckled. "Your noble Randige is losing his wind, ducky, and Spooner will come in ahead."

"Nonsense, my love!"

"No nonsense about it; don't you see that the little man has head enough to set a balloon-jib, and is sailing nearer the wind? You're not a sailor."

"Thank heaven!" responded the other; "the horrid tarry things!"

"Oh, Spooner will surely come in ahead, and three minutes to spare!"

"Don't you want to bet?"

Now, be it understood, this young lady was highly bred and all that, and that such questions escaped her only when her mind was suddenly heated by exciting events. Her friend replied at once:

"Delighted, I'm sure."

"Well, then, if little Tom Spooner beats handsome, gallant and manly Dick, why, then I'll go to sail with Tom on his next yachting cruise."

"What! with that—"

Miss Mandel's vocabulary was too limited to permit her to use adjectives of sufficient vigor to convey her meaning.

It transpired that Tom did beat, and by a good half-mile; and as he was always begging Miss Townsend to sail with him, the day had not passed before it became known through the length and breadth of Newtown that the Beauty was going to cruise with the Beast, and therefore Newtown flew into a fever.

Now, the Beast was simply a good-natured, red-whiskered, fussy little man, who was well off—who never had a soul above pleasure and his yacht and waltz-steps; and that he should capture the belle of the place, where all had failed, and should carry off the high and mighty Miss Townsend, set the town in a roar.

Dick Randige was especially furious. "By the nymphs of the deep, this is infernal! She would never stir a boat's length with me nor any of the other fellows—always bowed and thanked and regretted, and all that. But now she sets off with that little beggar Tom Spooner for a three-days' cruise, and takes two of the best girls in the place with her!"

Little Spooner, however, was in his glory. He ran about town, laying in a monstrous store of edibles and wine; but he stated distinctly, to his honor, that the names of his party never crossed his lips; he was very happy, but not odiously triumphant.

But it occurred to Dick that he was in great danger of losing the fair Miss Townsend, and as he had had a weakness for her for a year or more, he determined to put his question for the third time, and before she had left the place with Spooner. So, in the evening of the day, he presented himself to the young lady in question.

She replied to him thus: "Dick, this is the third time you have asked me to be your wife. But I know you better than you know me. I am sure that you are everything that is true and noble. You were a brave soldier in the war; everybody praised you; you were cool and skillful and courageous before the enemy, and you were a whole-souled man to your prisoners. At home you are a hard worker, a good speaker, a good writer, and your wife must be a tried and earnest woman. Now, I am untired. My world is that of fashion, gayety and pleasure. I think of nothing from one day's end to another. My aspirations are confined to the procuring of superior dresses, and I am unhappy merely if I see a better pair of horses upon the road than mine. My life is a song, a frivolous thing; yours is for an object, a purpose. No, Dick, we should be ill-mated; you are better than I am, and I can only stand behind and watch you as you go, but I cannot take your hand."

In vain did Dick plead and beg, and deny all she said. She was resolute, and he was forced to go away.

Early on the next morning, Spooner's yacht was got under way, with twelve good souls on board—Miss Townsend, Miss Mandel, and another pretty girl for ladies; Spooner and two male friends for gentlemen, and six of the crew, including the sailing-master. All Newtown lined the cliffs to see the sight. Two other yachts prepared to go out for company, and one of them was Dick's.

Miss Townsend was in high feather; she glowed and expanded, and waved her white handkerchief with all the ardor of a schoolgirl. The sun was brilliant; the air was cool, and everything was exhilarating in the highest degree.

The anchors came up, a dozen pop-guns were fired, and the little fleet stood out upon the bay.

Ah, those were pleasant moments! Light dresses and dainty parasols abounded; a few bottles of wine were cracked; and little Spooner, in a blue sailor-outfit, with a good cigar in his mouth, stood in a dignified attitude by his tiny wheel, with the watchful sailing-master hovering over him like a hawk. Maps were brought out, and desperate attempts were made by the ladies to find out where they were, where they were going, and how the wind lay. Laughter burst out now and then, and merry jokes went round, and pleasant little Spooner felt joyous. By the middle of the afternoon all land was out of sight; and as Dick had been tacking this way and that, he had fallen behind, and nothing but the topmasts of his yacht remained in sight.

Then, of course, they began to fish a little, and to ask nautical questions, and to wander about the yacht—poking where they ought not, and putting themselves in the way generally. Then they sang and they played, and they recited poetry and they chatted and they nodded, and all got dreadfully burned.

They had a glorious dinner in the breezy little cabin, and such was the smoothness of the sea, that no one was ill. Yet, while they ate, a dim line of clouds began to rise over the horizon, and before they had finished, the sun was obscured and it grew dark. They all ran out of the cabin as fast as possible, to see how matters looked. All was changed. The waves looked dark and the wind began to rise. No ship was in sight; in fact, nothing at all was to be seen but the topmasts of Dick's yacht in the distance. The ladies went down for their thick clothing. Spooner instantly put on an immense surcoat with large brown buttons, placed a thick black pipe in his mouth, and looked at the clouds through a spy-glass.

The sailing-master had a reef taken in, fastened up all tight, and stood straight out to sea, without a word to little Spooner, who was busy explaining to the ladies the uses of the log.

Presently it began to blow a little, and the waves began to fly up, and the yacht began to toss. Spooner had experience enough to see that there was going to be a storm, and a hard one at that. So he put the question to the ladies: Should they go on or should they return to the port at once? Keep on, cried the chorus, and so on they kept.

In another hour, about three in the afternoon, the storm burst with great fury.

The waves arose to a great height, and the air was filled with spray. The ladies went below and the hatches were shut. Little Tom Spooner kept on deck like a major, though he began to tremble at the storm. Lightning played about them, and the thunder rolled frightfully. The captain began to look a little anxious.

They shipped a sea, and their smallest boat was carried away, and an avalanche of water broke through into the cabin. A chorus of screams was the instantaneous result, and it appeared that all the lovely beings were drenched through and through. Presently it was discovered that the yacht was making water, and a man was sent to the pump to keep her free. It came down blacker and blacker. Powerful gusts threw her over on her beam-ends, and the water flowed over her decks. Spooner began to get frightened.

Another seam opened, and matters began to look black enough. Suddenly, at the distance of about two miles, there appeared a large schooner pitching violently. Her foremast was gone, and some men were to be seen cutting away her mainmast. From a pole or an oar lashed to the stump of the foremast was a signal of distress.

Spooner saw it, and he was about to bear down toward it, when the man at the pump shrieked that the water was gaining fast. Spooner thought of the people he had in charge. He argued it was as much of a mercy to save their lives as to save any others. He ordered the yacht to be put about and to try to get back to port.

"No!" screamed a voice. Spooner, holding on tight by the traffail, looked over his shoulder. It was Miss Townsend, who had broken out of the cabin at the sight of danger, and who, white as a sheet, but still calm, was clinging by a stanchion.

"Go down!" ordered the sailing-master. She shook her head. "No; I stay here!"

"We must go back, or we shall all drown!" yelled Spooner, with his hands to his mouth.

"We are not all cowards." Her face expressed sublime contempt. Her lips came together tightly and her eyes burned.

"Around with her," screamed Spooner.

"No; go ahead to the schooner!"

Spooner insisted. He gave some of the orders. She countermanded them in a shrill shriek. Her eyes burned blacker and blacker. Spooner laid his hands upon the sheets. She saw he was resolved. She hastened to the cabin and put her head down the companion-way. Immediately Miss Mandel began to call Spooner in her loudest voice. He quitted his robes, and hastened to her. He stepped down. Miss Townsend drew the slide, shut the doors, slammed down the brass strap, and put the bolt of a padlock through.

"Now," she cried to the sailing-master, "go on to the schooner!"

She looked too fierce to disobey. Her nostrils were distended, her figure was drawn up, and her loosened hair gave her a sort of wildness. The yacht was kept to her course. They were in great danger. Water began to make way rapidly, and the slender masts began to bend and crack. The sailors were scared.

"Go on! go on!" cried Miss Townsend, now Miss Townsend no longer, but more like a



goddess. It was terribly dark. They drew close to the schooner. She was low in the water, and three men were in the rigging. The men waved their arms.

The yacht struggled on. Two more men were sent to the pump. Miss Townsend clung by a stanchion. Another man was sent to the wheel. One-half the time they were all under water; but the yacht came out, shook herself like a Newfoundland dog, and leaped forward again. The water in the hold increased. The lightning grew fiercer and fiercer, and the thunder grew louder and louder. All at once a piercing cry arose from every throat that the schooner was going down. A look of agony settled upon Miss Townsend's face. She stared at them through her disheveled hair.

"Good God, they are going to jump!" They did jump, and toward the yacht. It was their last chance.

The yacht's head came up further into the wind, and she dashed down into the midst of them. One man was thrown aboard by a breaker. Another threw his arms over his head and sank in an instant.

The other they chased as he was borne away, and they threw him sirings of cork and oars. They almost ran upon him. A sailor ran upon the bowsprit, and while half-drowned, caught him just as he was despairing.

Then came the work of going about. Miss Townsend opened the cabin, and little Spooner bounded out, and looked around, terrified.

"We are sinking!" he cried. It was true enough. Water had been pouring in at a terrible rate. Suddenly, a noise above all others arose near at hand. It was an approaching gust.

"Cling, everybody!" shouted the sailing-master. In an instant it was upon them. When it passed, they had not a single mast standing. The deck was clear, yet nobody was carried away, nor injured.

Miss Townsend felt her strength giving away. The fire which had supported her was going out, and faintness began to overtake her.

She raised her head and looked around. She saw another yacht bearing down upon them. She knew its build in an instant.

"Here's Dick!" she cried, pointing off toward him, and she knew no more.

When she revived again, she was in an elegant little cabin, with the sunshine streaming down the companionway. Everything was still. Miss Mandel hung over her.

"Where am I, dear?" "Safe in port, and Dick's coming down the ladder."

Down he came. All was safe; Spooner's yacht had been brought in by a tug.

He looked at Miss Townsend admiringly. She understood his meaning.

"Won't you take my hand now?" he asked, in a whisper. She smiled, and shook her head.

"Nonsense!" said he. This shocked her, so she took it at once, with a blush.

## TWO MEN'S MISTAKE.

"WELL, I confess to self-esteem," and Hiram Ashbury stroked his glossy black mustache complacently. "Every human being is bound to place a certain valuation upon him or herself, and the lower the valuation, the lower the individual, according to my way of thinking. People are pretty apt to know their own worth in this world of ours."

"You are in a certain sense correct," returned his companion, reflectively. "But, after all, Ashbury, I think—in fact I know—you carry the thing too far, in so far as you impose your own opinion of Hiram Ashbury, Esq., upon all your acquaintances. Now, there is hardly one among all your numberless lady friends who, according to your own expressed opinion, is not willing to put her life and affection into your keeping at the first word of invitation."

"Pshaw! Brown," and the other laughed in a provokingly assured sort of way. "Don't let what I said about May Irving worry you. I don't mean to take advantage of any weakness in that quarter. In the first place, I don't love her as I should, and in the second place, I have too much regard for our friendship, to interfere where you have any interest."

"Bah!" returned the other, impatiently, while the hot blood which suffused his face told its own story. "For heaven's sake say no more about that friendship. Respect is not least among whatever feelings I may entertain toward Miss Irving, and I do not believe she would give her affection to you or any other man unsought. Furthermore, I give you free permission to act as you would were I, Tom Brown, in no way concerned as to the result. You have more than once insinuated that under other circumstances you would 'go in and win.' Now, if I am the 'circumstances,' just blot me out. 'Go in,' and ten to one you come out loser."

"Done!" said the other. "But, Brown, it's a sure thing—I wouldn't say so before, but I know when a girl is fond of me—I'd be a fool if I didn't. Why, it was only an hour ago I received a billet, requesting my presence this evening, as she was to be all alone, and wished to see me on 'something important.' Of course that was only a dodge. I've seen such before; but I guess I'll happen in according to request," with which the gentleman locked up his desk, put on his overcoat, and taking his friend's arm, walked out of the office.

No sooner had the two figures disappeared, than out from the inner office walked, with very indignant mien, a light-haired, blue-eyed young woman, who approached the office-boy after this wise:

"Did you forget to tell your master that I was waiting?"

The boy looked with a start; then, half-apologetically, half-surlily, said: "He hurried

me off on an errand, and I didn't have a chance to remember."

With a very curt little nod the young lady received this explanation, and walked away; but that her mental condition was not of the pleasantest, was very evident. "To think," she mused, waiting on the walk outside Ashbury's law-office for an up-town stage—"to think of my hearing that horrible conversation! What an idiot Hiram Ashbury is, to be sure! and Tom Brown," with a very dainty little blush, "isn't much better. The idea of his betting about me! But I'll pay them both up, or my name's not May Irving!" with which laudable determination she tripped into the waiting-bus, and was borne swiftly along toward home.

That evening Mr. Ashbury called on Miss Irving, and was received enthusiastically. About five minutes after his arrival, Mr. Brown was ushered in. He had no idea of vacating the field for the benefit of his assured rival, but it must be confessed his reception was a funny one. The hostess stammered, and blushed, and seemed really confused by his appearance. Truth to tell, after that conversation of the afternoon, he was the last person she had expected.

Ashbury gave him a triumphant wink. "She don't like our *l'été-à-l'été* interrupted," he thought, with satisfaction.

Brown's reflections were about of the same order. "Evidently I'm one too many," and in a very few moments he had completed his call and left the house; and, after that evening, frequented it only at long intervals.

If Miss Irving desired to punish him, she did it effectually. He felt that he was wrong, and Ashbury was right; he upbraided himself continually for his foolishness in thinking anything else, and ended by growing thin and misanthropic. Ashbury, on the contrary, was in the best of spirits. His payment was long in coming. He had not yet proposed—not because there was any doubt as to the answer he should receive, but because, as he confidentially informed Brown, his unwilling listener, "it was too much trouble."

May Irving was about as usual; only once in a while, when Brown's name was mentioned, her eyes had a strange look, which Ashbury failed to fathom; and, upon his semi-occasional calls, there was perceptible a sort of constraint, which both noticed, without accounting for.

At last one evening Ashbury made up his mind to have the thing settled, as he explained to Brown.

"I've learned to think a great deal of May Irving. I find that there is considerable truth in the old saying, 'Love begets love,' and I think it will be rather nice to have a home and wife of my own; so to-night, if she's in and alone, I shall return an engaged man."

"All right!" said Brown, moodily. "I long ago gave up 'beat.' By-the-way," as if it had just occurred to him, "did you know that in a few days I'm going to Australia? The firm want some one there to superintend things; and as there's lots of money to be made, I've volunteered."

Hiram Ashbury gave his roommate one look of quizzical inquiry; then, with a low, perplexed whistle, walked out. He was not a bad fellow. Conceit was his greatest failing; and realizing now that the matter was with his friend a serious affair, he felt troubled.

"Confound it," he murmured, walking ruefully down the broad avenue leading to Miss Irving's home. "If I'd kept out of the way, he'd have been all right. She really liked the boy till she became friendly with me, and now it's all up with him—and with me, too, for I'm bound in honor to ask her to marry me; and—pshaw! I believe I think more of Brown now than I do of her. I almost wish she'd refuse me."

In this magnanimous but very uncomfortable mood, he was ushered into the Irving mansion. The daughter of the house was alone, and as charming and beautiful as ever. Under ordinary circumstances he would have taken the matter leisurely, leading up to "the question" by graceful and almost imperceptible degrees; but to-night he was in no mood for that sort of proceeding. He was unselfishly blue. The proposal seemed an unpleasant duty, and one which he desired to get over as soon as possible. Very awkwardly he bungled over the state of his affections, and in considerable depression awaited her affirmative, for the possibility of being refused never once presented itself.

"Ha! ha! ha!" pealed a merry laugh at his elbow, and, turning in astonishment, he beheld Miss Irving fairly shaking with merriment. "You really must excuse me, Mr. Ashbury, but this is so funny!" and off she went again.

Her companion was astonished, but he was also relieved—this wasn't sentimental, at all events—and the young lady was greatly astonished to see the light which overspread his countenance at her unexpected gaiety. She had supposed he would exhibit annoyance, but nothing of the kind was visible, so she went on:

"I've been expecting this for some time—but, Mr. Ashbury, you've lost your bet; I'm not 'won.'"

He had forgotten the incident to which she referred, and, seeing his perplexity, she said:

"Don't you remember betting with Mr. Brown on your matrimonial chances with me? He said: 'Ten to one you come out loser.' Well, he has won. I was in your private office, waiting to see you about some law trouble of my dressmaker—by-the-way, that was why I desired you to come that evening—and so I heard it all. I must confess to being amused." And here she went off into another laugh, in which, much to her surprise, her discarded suitor joined heartily. Under other circumstances he would have been mortified, but he was really noble, and his friend's suffering had made a very deep impression.

"I can say, 'served him right,' to Hiram Ashbury," he said, with a smile. "But, Miss Irving, what can I say to Tom Brown, who leaves for Australia next week?"

She looked up in startled inquiry, and was about to speak, when the door was opened, and in was ushered Tom Brown himself.

"I can stay but five minutes," he said, hurriedly. "I have just left one of our firm, and it is arranged that I start for Australia to-morrow, so, as I was passing, I thought I would just run in and say 'good-by.'"

Miss May Irving grew white to the very lips, but he never noticed. Hiram Ashbury did, however, and determined then and there to take the matter into his own hands.

"Brown," said he, abruptly, "do you remember how you bet me ten to one against my matrimonial chances with Miss Irving? Well, you're the winner. I've been refused."

Brown flushed to the forehead. Miss Irving followed suit, and Mr. Ashbury rose to go. Very cordially he shook hands with the couple left behind, and—well, suffice it to say, the firm of which Mr. Brown was a member sent another man to Australia; and to-day nobody stands so high in the opinion of Mr. and Mrs. Tom Brown as Hiram Ashbury—Bachelor.

## SANTA CLAUS AMONG THE FOUNDLINGS.

SOME two years ago we paid a visit to the New York Foundling Institution, under charge of Sister Irene, one of the noblest of our Sisters of Charity, and gave with pen and pencil an idea of the inception and success of the project to check the horrible crime of infanticide. It was with increased pleasure we repeated the call on the occasion of the late Christmas reception. In a little over two years Sister Irene and her faithful assistants have received and cared for nearly two thousand waifs of crime and poverty.

The great difficulty of conducting an institution of this kind is the want of sympathetic ladies who can devote all their time, year after year, to the care of charges. The necessity of some organized movement in this direction had long been recognized as imperative; but, while the public were willing to defray all expenses, no persons could be found worthy of strict confidence; who could take, as it were, a life interest in the work. At this point the Sisters of Charity stepped forward and urged that, as they were devoted to works of Christian relief, this great measure of reform and humanity should be committed to them. Truly faithful has been their management of the institution.

The back parlor was devoted to the display of Christmas offerings, and in it was placed a huge tree, laden with juvenile trinkets, and brilliant with lighted candles. Two hundred babies were in the room, some in chairs and others in the arms of nurses. Many ladies who are in the habit of visiting the institution regularly, have become attached to certain children, and these were seen fondling their pets and treating them to rattles, doll-babies and bon-bons.

The good Sisters were flying about the building, thankful that their labor met such a hearty appreciation, while the crowd of guests stopped here and there to kiss, caress or dandle the babies.

Three little outcasts—a Christmas offering—were the heroes of the day. If one could be partial, and a two-year-old negro made high merriment by its prattle and roguishness. Besides the regular inmates, there are seven hundred and nine outside foundlings, for whom the best care has been obtained, and several scores of these put their lungs to the test in a laughing, chattering welcome.

Washington Square was filled with the carriages of the friends, and nearly all, in passing out, deposited a contribution in a box labeled "Foundlings' Bank, interest 100 per cent., payable in heaven."

The Sisters are entitled to the utmost respect and consideration of the public. They are toiling in a quiet manner, and doing an immense work. So far their efforts have been justly rewarded by our citizens; but as their facilities are very limited, we sincerely trust that before two more years pass they will have received, through the generosity of a sympathizing people, a building large enough to render their mission more agreeable and beneficial.

## THE RIOT AT ROCHESTER, N. Y.

At length, after a quietness of many years, Rochester, N. Y., has given the country a genuine sensation—one that is tinged with sadness and blood. A negro, named Howard, perpetrated a fiendish outrage on the person of Cecilia Ochs, a white girl, ten years of age. By the time of his apprehension, the citizens were fully informed of the brutal attack, and on his being lodged in the jail, a movement was made to capture and lynch him. The threatening aspect of the crowd led to the mustering of the full police force of the city, and in turn to that of a strong military guard. On Tuesday, January 2d, the excitement became intense. An attempt was made by a mob of nearly five hundred men to break the jail and kill the prisoner. They were foiled, however, by the Sheriff and the police. During the day the police made several raids on the crowd, and early in the evening a military force was ordered to the protection of the jail. The soldiers were greeted with volleys of stones and bricks, and at about nine o'clock, while the crowd was yelling at the corner of Court and Exchange Streets, they fired, killing two men and wounding one man and a boy. The crowd then began dispersing, but its attitude was such that five companies of troops were kept on guard all night. A report that the girl had died added to the fury of the mob. Throughout Wednesday night the militia occupied the bridge, and patrolled the ground in the immediate neighborhood of the jail. Up to midnight Exchange Street was thronged with people, but after that time the sentries were sole occupiers of the ground. Howard was secretly conveyed

to the court-room on Thursday evening. He was arraigned on the indictment, and, pleading guilty, was sentenced by Judge E. Dawson Smith to twenty years' hard labor in Auburn State Prison. The prisoner was immediately removed, and quietly taken from the city.

The girl continues to improve, though slowly, and it is hoped she will ultimately recover. The feeling in the city against the military was intense, many eye-witnesses regarding the firing as entirely unwarranted.

## NEWS BREVITIES.

A NEW and favorite color in silk dress-goods is known by the name of "London Smoke."

THE national cemeteries now contain 317,850 graves.

FRENCH dressmakers say that an American customer is worth more to them than three of their own countrymen.

THE last liquor-store at Lime Rock, R. I., has been closed, and now the citizens have no cause to whine.

THE woman-women of Scotland are crowing loudly because thirty of their sex have been admitted to the Edinburgh University.

TO test the value of cigars worth much money, a New York appraiser has to smoke two hundred.

A BOUQUET of flowers on the left shoulder is considered to be the correct finishing touch to a full evening toilet.

A PROPER accoutrement for a militia captain in Philadelphia is a hundred and fifty dollar sofa—when the city pays for it.

A DISPATCH from Constantinople announces that four Greek brig-aves been wrecked in the Black Sea, and that all on board perished.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., proposes to cut down the terms of imprisonment one-half, if thieves will only carry lanterns, that her policemen can find them.

THE French army will in future exclude all white horses from a share in the military glory of the nation, as it was proved that the Prussians, as well as Death, "love a shining mark."

DES MOINES gave a banquet the other night, and the next day the managers requested more than half the lucky ones to return and exchange their garments. The dis-clothes-ures were rather severe on the city's elite.

THE editor of a fierce Democratic journal in the West, noted for his slovenly habits, threatens to leave the party unless it accepts the "New Departure." If the Democrats do not wish to lose ground, they had better stick to him.

A LECTURER recently made a point in illustrating the power of heat, by saying that the iron track of the Central Railroad between Albany and Buffalo is a thousand feet shorter to-day than it was on the 4th of July.

SOMEBODY says that the three hardest words to pronounce consecutively are, "I was mistaken." Let the fellow who made this assertion try his articulating powers on the names of the lakes of Maine—these three for instance: Hunkatyokabok—Zitzmor-nungohphiri—Mahogaphragobog.

SOME young Texan hunters, feeling cold, built a fire in the woods. About the time it got well under way they had reason to believe that the fire had been built over their powder-barrel, for the only one who was not hurt by the explosion counted the others as they came down.

THE Minister of the Interior, of France, to check the license of the public journals, proposes to increase the stringency of the laws and regulations for the control of the Press. It is understood that the Minister's intentions have the approval of the President, and that the journals most offending will soon be made to feel their effect.

THE right of a child to prosecute his parents for whipping him, and to recover damages in a court of law, is in process of demonstration in Cincinnati. The complainant, who is an infant in the eyes of the law, seeks damages to the extent of \$50,000 from his parents for the abuse and ill-treatment he has suffered at their hands since 1850. The parents have refused to offer to compromise.

WEDNESDAY, January 3d, being the anniversary of the death of Archbishop Hughes, a solemn requiem high mass for the repose of his soul was celebrated at St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York, by Vicar-General Starrs, assisted by several other eminent clergymen. Archbishop McCloskey pronounced the benediction. The church was draped with black, and a richly-decorated catafalque was placed in the centre aisle.

AT the close of the Rebellion the United States found itself in possession of a number of railroads, with material and stock, which the Southern companies bought on time at \$8,500,000. There were exactly fifty of these roads. June 30th, 1871, thirteen of them had paid up all in indebtedness, which, principal and interest, was \$2,380,000. Now the account stands: Total debts of all to June 30th, 1871, \$7,500,000; paid to that time, \$4,800,000; due June 30th, 1871, \$4,724,300. On the whole, this is an encouraging exhibit.

THE proverbial slowness of some people is past all comprehension. The other day a deed of two acres, located in the Dorchester District, Mass., was placed on record, bearing date July 30th, 1736, and the consideration was \$50. The land is still unimproved, and is likely to remain so until the present generation of Tolmans has become extinct. There must have been a terrible temptation to procrastinate in that family; but the county has finally got the registration fee. Among the "providents" in the deed in question is one reserving to the grantor or his heirs the right and liberty of "passing over said land with cattle and carts for ever."

A SINGULAR struggle occurred on the night of January 3d, in New York city. About half-past nine o'clock, the maid servant of Mr. Charles Swift, Jr., at 330 West Thirteenth Street, went into the basement, and discovered a burglar in the act of packing up the silverware. Quickly slipping out without being seen, she ran next door, and gave the alarm. Mr. Swift armed himself with a revolver, and sent the girl for an officer. The two men went into the house by the front door, and then to the basement. In the meantime, Mr. Channing M. Britton, who occupied a room in the upper part of the house, had heard the noise and gone down to the basement in search of the burglar. The fellow, however, was wary, and had put out the lights and escaped with the plunder. Mr. Britton supposed that he had concealed himself, and aid in wait ready to seize him. Just then Mr. Swift entered the room, preceded by the officer. Mr. Britton caught a glimpse of the officer in the dark, and supposing that he was the thief, raised a heavy chair to strike him. The officer mistook Mr. Britton for the burglar, and felled him to the floor with his club. Just as the officer struck Britton, Swift raised his revolver and fired at Britton. The form of the officer intervened, and the ball struck him in the elbow, and ranging upward, came out at the shoulder. Lights were procured, and the wounded man was conveyed to the station and attended by Surgeon Pooler.





THE LATE COLONEL JAMES FISK, JR.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BRADY.



EDWARD S. STOKES.

## EDWARD S. STOKES.

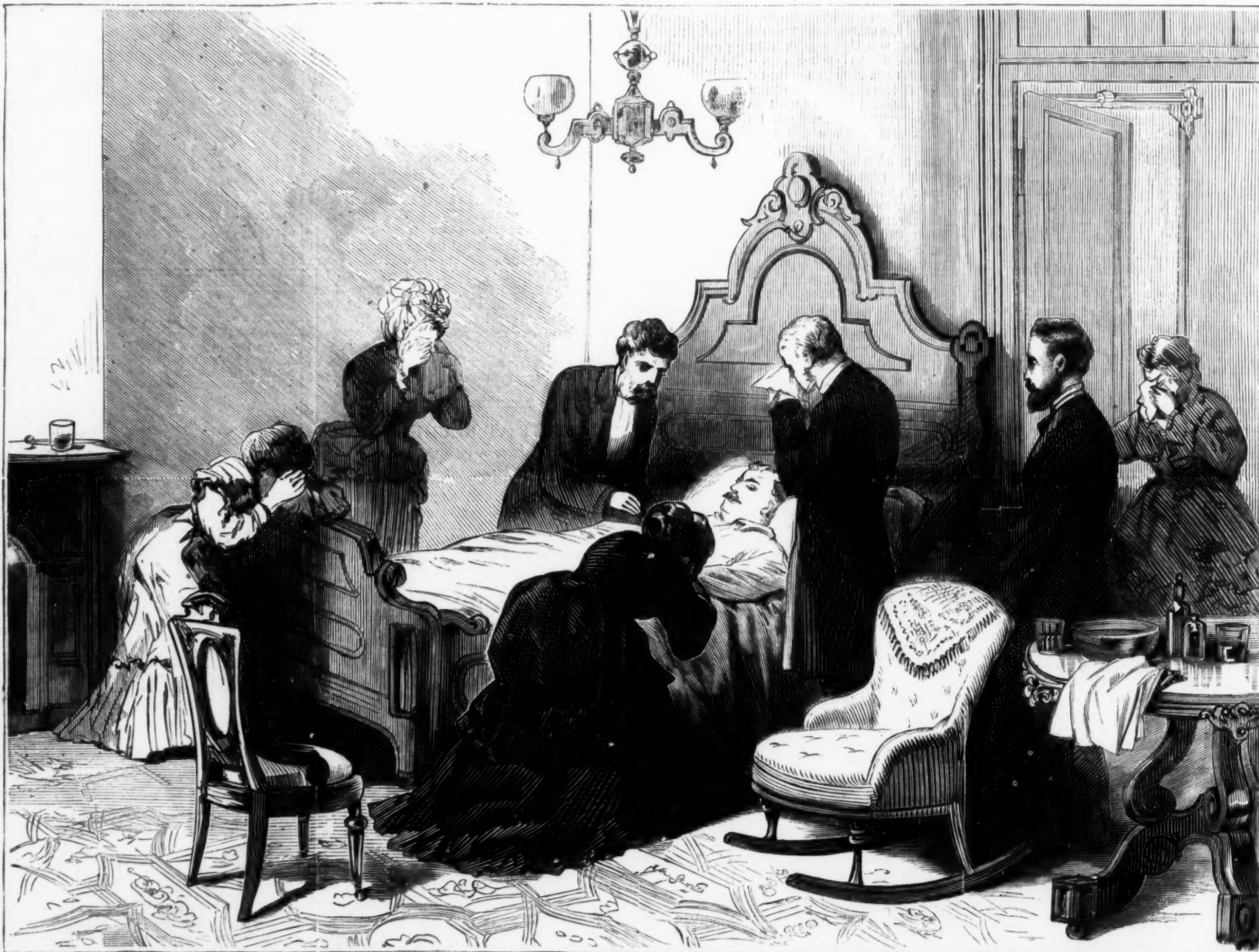
EDWARD S. STOKES was born in Philadelphia in the year 1841, and is consequently in his thirty-first year. He is five feet nine inches high, and weighs about one hundred and forty pounds. He is slightly built, but very wiry and active on his feet. In conversation he talks quickly and to the point, and hurries his affairs through as rapidly as possible. Stokes

is a man of fine appearance, of a dark complexion, with piercing eyes and regular features. His hair, which was jet black a couple of years ago, is now partly gray, and were it not for his active movements he would pass for a man of forty-five years. Mr. Stokes married a lady of good family some ten years ago, and has by her one child.

About two years ago Stokes became interested with Fisk in some business transactions,

and was by Fisk introduced to Mrs. Mansfield. That person conceived a fondness for him which excited the jealousy of Colonel Fisk. The two men became involved in business difficulties, and Mr. Fisk had Stokes arrested and locked up on a charge of embezzlement. This charge not being sustained, Stokes sued Fisk for false imprisonment. Mrs. Mansfield espoused Stokes's side in the quarrel, and the two waged war against Mr. Fisk.

The legal investigations consequent upon and attending these proceedings have occupied much space in the papers for the past year, and the public is familiar with the details. Stokes accuses Fisk of swindling him out of upward of \$200,000. The legal proceedings had nearly exhausted the remainder of Stokes's fortune, and it is asserted that, being unable to further prosecute Colonel Fisk, he determined to murder him.



NEW YORK CITY.—THE DEATH-BED SCENE AT THE GRAND CENTRAL HOTEL—COLONEL FISK, IN HIS LAST MOMENTS, SURROUNDED BY HIS RELATIVES AND FRIENDS.



## THE ASSASSINATION OF Colonel James Fisk, Jr.

WHEN in an article in our editorial columns we commented upon the lapse of time that had intervened since our city had been visited by anything like a genuine "sensation," it was not dreamt by us that even before that article should reach the eye of the public such an appalling tragedy would occur as that which, on the

for the day, Stokes, accompanied by his counsel, Hon. John McKeon and Assistant District Attorney Fellows, repaired to Delmonico's, at the corner of Broadway and Chambers Street, and there partook of a lunch. While there, it is said, it was announced to Stokes that the Grand Jury had found an indictment against him for a conspiracy to extort money from Fisk. Immediately, upon hearing this, he left the party, but without making any remark which would lead any of those who were in his company to suppose that he was bent upon such a deed as assassinating a fellow-being.

Mrs. Morse is said to be the widow of the man who gave Colonel Fisk his first start in the world. The hall-boy answered that he thought Mrs. Morse and her eldest daughter had gone out, but that the younger Miss Morse was in her grandmother's room. Colonel Fisk requested the boy to show him up, and the two started, the colonel leading.

At that moment, and before Colonel Fisk had mounted more than two steps, Stokes suddenly made his appearance from some place of concealment, and a shot rang out, which struck Fisk in the abdomen, two inches to the

the bed, and the house physicians summoned. Stokes appears to have made little, if any, attempt at escape, but walked quietly downstairs through the main public staircase, and was about leaving the hotel by the rear entrance when he was stopped by Mr. Powers, the hotel proprietor, and some of his employees. The pistol (a four-barreled one) with which the deed was done was shortly after found, with two chambers discharged, under one of the lounges in the ladies' parlor, where it had evidently been thrown by the assassin before descending the stairs.



NEW YORK CITY.—CHRISTMAS RECEPTION AT THE HOME FOR FOUNDLINGS, IN CHARGE OF THE SISTERS OF CHARITY, IN WASHINGTON SQUARE.—SEE PAGE 295.

evening of January 6th, produced an excitement in our midst rarely equaled by the simple announcement of the death of a single member of our vast community.

The facts connected with the tragedy, as far as we have been enabled to collate them from the most reliable sources, are as follows:

On the morning of Saturday, January 6th, a hearing had taken place at the Yorkville Police Court before Justice Bixby in the matter of the charge of libel prepared by Mrs. Helen Josephine Mansfield and Edward S. Stokes against Fisk. After the conclusion of the examination

Stokes, on leaving Delmonico's, at once proceeded to the Grand Central Hotel, where by some means he had ascertained Colonel Fisk was to call. He was observed by the *attachés* of the hotel lounging around the corridors and barroom of the place, apparently unconcerned and without any care. He seemed in good spirits, and noticed several acquaintances who met him there.

At a quarter past four Fisk drove up to the ladies' entrance, and stepping out of his carriage, inquired of the door-boy, John Redmond, if Mrs. Morse and her daughter were in. This

right of the navel and three inches above it, passing downward, backward, and to the left, inflicting a terrible wound. Fisk fell, shouting, "Oh!" and immediately scrambled to his feet again, when Stokes once more leveled his revolver and fired another shot, the ball passing through and out of Fisk's left arm without touching the bone. The latter turned to run, but fell a second time, and slid down to the bottom of the stairs, where he was picked up by the crowd, who had gathered on hearing the report of the pistol, and carried up-stairs to an adjoining room, where he was laid upon

The police were summoned, and upon their arrival Stokes quietly submitted to arrest, and was escorted to the Mercer Street station, where he was detained until the arrival of the coroner, who, about half-past six, repaired to the hotel, and there, having impaneled a jury, proceeded to take the ante-mortem deposition of the victim. Upon Stokes being brought before him, Colonel Fisk fully identified him as the person who had fired the shots.

Dr. Tripler, the hotel surgeon, was in Fisk's room within a few minutes of the shooting, and probed the wound in the abdomen without suc-



cess, for the purpose of finding the ball. He made him as comfortable as possible, and awaited the arrival of the other surgeons, who had been sent for before proceeding further.

Soon after this Police Surgeon Beach made his appearance, quickly followed by Drs. Sayre, White, Folsom and Wood. Upon the arrival of Dr. Wood a consultation immediately took place, when it was decided to hold an examination, and extract the ball, if possible. Jay Gould, James Irving, William M. Tweed, John Chamberlain, Jay Gould's clerk, Mrs. and the two Misses Morse, Colonel Hooper and wife, Colonel Fisk's brother-in-law and sister, and several other relatives, were present, having come in response to telegrams stating the colonel's condition.

At about seven o'clock his counsel, Mr. Shearman, who had been sent for, proceeded to draw his will, which was soon accomplished, and the document was signed by Fisk in a firm and distinct hand. It has since been announced, that by this will he leaves all his property to his wife, subject to a legacy to his sister, Mrs. Hooker, of \$100,000; an annuity of \$3,000 for the support of his father and mother, and annuities of \$2,000 each in favor of the two Misses Morse, until their marriage.

The surgeons were obliged to administer chloroform before they could proceed with the examination. The hole was large enough to have been made by a minie ball. Very little hemorrhage was found, and it was therefore concluded that none of the large vessels had been penetrated. It was feared, however, that the ball had gone through the liver, which lies in a direct line with its course through the body. At eleven o'clock the physicians held a consultation. Dr. Carnochan was called in to assist. It was decided that nothing more could be done for Mr. Fisk until Sunday morning, and as he was doing at the time remarkably well, no attempt to extract the ball was made.

The night dragged wearily its slow hours along at the hotel, while the watchers in the room where Fisk was lying, disregarding the faint lightening of the approaching dawn, waited with intense anxiety in the short spaces that elapsed between each opinion given by the attending physicians about his condition. The circle of thoughtful faces looked at times strangely wan and haggard, as the features, relaxed in involuntary forgetfulness, betrayed truly the nature of the thoughts that were driving one another through each brain. For, despite the common expectancy and the common hope that death would not at least come very speedily, a foreboding, inexplicable but not less depressing, seemed to have settled upon all. This could not have been from any betrayal of feeling by the medical attendants, for their faces wore studiously cheerful looks, especially whenever the prostrate man showed any signs of consciousness of his surroundings.

At seven o'clock Sunday morning, it was announced that he was fast sinking, and that the danger of a sudden ending of his intense agony was very great. His pulse was at this time 130. Dr. Fisher went down-stairs in a hurried manner and asked something of the night clerk; then went back again. He looked very anxious.

Immediately after this, when the hand of the clock pointed a quarter after seven, a carriage driven very rapidly, the horses, wet and dappled with the foam that flew from their nostrils and congealed in the cold air, stopped short at the door. The coachman sprang from his perch, pulled open the door and helped out a lady in a dark traveling-dress, who stepped wearily to the ground. She walked quickly into the portico. This was Mrs. Fisk. She had come from Massachusetts, in obedience to a telegram from her husband, announcing his condition. She displayed great agitation and distress upon reaching his bedside. He continued to sink gradually, remaining in an almost unconscious state until about eleven o'clock in the morning, when, in spite of all that medical skill could accomplish, the irrevocable summons came, and he who on the previous afternoon had been in the full enjoyment of life and health, was now a lifeless corpse, surrounded by a band of mourning relatives and friends.

At two o'clock in the afternoon the body was placed in a casket, and borne in a hearse from the hotel to Mr. Fisk's late residence on Twenty-third Street, in the rear of the Grand Opera House; there the remains were placed in an ice casket in Mrs. Fisk's private chamber.

Visitors began to pour in, and Twenty-third street, in front of the house, was almost blocked with carriages.

The post-mortem examination of the body was held on Sunday night at half-past nine o'clock, at his late residence in Twenty-third Street. Drs. Janeway and Marsh conducted the examination. Drs. Wood, Sayre, White, Phelps, Tripler and Fisher, with Deputy-Coroners Beach, Marsh and Shine, were also present to assist if necessary. The result of the examination, which was somewhat lengthy, was, first: The wound in the left arm was a flesh wound, the ball passing directly through the arm, entering one inch below the elbow-joint, passing through the inner border of the biceps muscle, and making its exit through the posterior aspect of the arm. The fatal wound in the abdomen entered six inches above the umbilicus, and one inch and a half to the right of the median line, passed downward into the left through the omentum and mesentery, piercing two loops of the small intestine, and was found in the left inguinal region, about twenty-two inches below the point of entrance.

There was little or no hemorrhage. All the organs were examined, and the brain, the heart and the kidneys being found in a very healthy condition. A great deal of fat was observed in the omentum and parietes of the abdomen. The examination was concluded at half-past ten.

The funeral obsequies in the city took place on Monday, the 8th inst. The remains reposed in the entrance-hall on the west floor of the Erie building at 11 o'clock. The

casket was appropriately decked with wreaths, crosses and cut flowers. All persons were admitted to see the body.

At half-past one o'clock the remains were escorted by the Ninth and other regiments to the New Haven Depot. Thence the cars bore the body away to the quiet New England town of Brattleboro', Vt., where it will be interred.

Short funeral ceremonies were held at Colonel Fisk's residence in Twenty-third Street. The Rev. Dr. Flagg, chaplain of the Ninth Regiment, officiated. The remains were forwarded by the New Haven Railroad.

The Grand Opera House was closed Monday evening.

Shortly after nine o'clock Sunday morning a carriage drove up to the Tombs entrance on Franklin Street. From it alighted Captain Burns, of the Mercer Street police, Stokes, the murderer, and two officers. Stokes looked nervous and sorrow-stricken, but he assumed an air of indifference as he passed the portal of the prison. He said to Captain Burns: "It's just about a year since I've been in this office." The prison being quite full, Stokes was confined temporarily in the same cell with Haggerty, who is charged with stealing the city vouchers. He is said to have expressed to Haggerty a confident expectation that he would be out in a few weeks; but this remark, if made at all, was probably before he had been informed of the fatal result.

### THE POET.

"SWEET," did you say that my verse was?  
Oh, could I but bring to your ear  
The soundless songs that entrance me,  
Which only my soul can hear—

Songs learned when my soul was beginning,  
Before it was fettered in me,  
And could hear the universe singing  
Its endless symphony.

I hear those harmonies ever,  
And whenever I strive to sing,  
My soul is sad with the failure  
To make my melodies ring,

As they rang when it bathed in the brightness  
That streamed on it from the Throne,  
Where thought of itself is music,  
And effort and fruit are one.

### THE WHITE SPECTRE

OR,  
THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE HALL.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

#### CHAPTER XXVII.—HUNTED DOWN.

WHEN Madeline had been so strangely interrupted in her midnight search for the hidden will, at the very moment when her wildest hopes seemed likely to be speedily crowned with fruition, she had been rendered unconscious by means of some powerful narcotic or other, and while still under its subtle influence had been carried to a close carriage that was in waiting near the avenue gates, and been driven away through the darkness of the night.

Hours elapsed before the journey, thus begun all unknown to herself, came to an end. But the narcotic had taken sharp effect upon her, and she still remained oblivious to everything that transpired around her.

To be sure she had a vague idea of being lifted in somebody's arms, at last, carried up a stairs, and deposited on a couch. But all this seemed much more like the imagery of a dream than reality, and on being left to herself again, she almost immediately relapsed into the sluggish state which had succeeded the first violent action of the drug.

It was broad daylight, and the sun was shining in at the window, when she fairly regained her consciousness. On first unclosing her eyes, she saw that the room and all her surroundings were strange, and started from the couch on which she had been stretched.

It was a spacious chamber, but very meagerly furnished. A table of painted deal, a few chairs, and the bed in one corner, made up its appointments. Everything looked poor and mean. But what most surprised and terrified the poor girl was the sight of two long, wooden bars, which extended from top to bottom of each of the curtainless windows. The walls about these windows were also bruised and battered, as if the former occupants of this apartment had not been wholly pleased with the presence of the stout bars.

She was actually in the abandoned asylum of which Herr Obenreizer had spoken to Le Noir. Gradually, a faint conception of the truth dawned upon her mind, though she was far from realizing how great was the calamity that had befallen her. She remembered the long search in the lone watches of the night, the trembling joy she had experienced, when finally the solution of the haunting mystery of the triangle had seemed so near, and last of all, the horrible hand that had closed upon the precious papers, before she had assured herself whether they were those she sought or not.

She had been watched and abducted—probably by Major Le Noir.

Appalled by the thought, she ran to the door, and attempted to pull it open. It was fast—locked on the outside. Observation had already told her how useless it would be to turn to the windows. She staggered into the middle of the room, nearly wild with terror. Shriek after shriek broke from her trembling lips.

A key turned in the lock, presently. A powerfully-built man, with a coarse, hard-featured face, stepped within the room. This was Dick Daredevil, the man of whom Herr Obenreizer had made an accomplice. He advanced a few steps, scowling savagely upon the girl.

"No need of making such an infernal noise, miss," said he, coarsely. "It won't do you no sort of good."

Madeline shrank away from him. "Where am I?" she asked, faintly.

The villain laughed. "Where you're safe, and where you're likely to remain for the present."

She did not appeal to the man, feeling intuitively that it would be useless. "Why was I brought here? You will tell me that, at least?"

A sneer curled the man's wicked mouth. "It isn't my place to answer questions, miss," he returned. "And, what's more, I shan't do it. So you'd better be quiet, and take matters coolly."

He went away, with this. Madeline sat down in one of the hard chairs, trying to collect her scattered wits, and be ready to meet the exigencies of the situation in a becoming manner. She saw plainly enough that she had nothing to hope from the man who appeared to act as her jailer.

From the window, the landscape without looked bleak and lonely. Wooded hills and dales stretched away as far as the eye could reach. She might as well have been in the great Sahara, for all the help to be expected from chance passers-by. Not a village, or even a solitary farmhouse, was to be seen.

All succor seemed to be cut off. She felt wretched and despondent. Sobs rose in her throat, but she resolutely choked them back. If she once gave way to these feelings of hopelessness, she was indeed lost, beyond all redemption.

More than an hour went by, and the key grated in the lock for the second time. It was not Dick Daredevil who now entered the room, but old Betty.

Grimmer and sterner, and more forbidding than ever, but really old Betty! Madeline sprang forward, with a cry of irrepressible delight. She forgot the woman's former treachery, forgot to draw the natural inference that was to be drawn from seeing her there, and clung to her in a transport of rejoicing.

"Oh, Betty, Betty," she cried, "I am not utterly deserted? You are here—you will help me to escape from the wretches who have brought me to this place?"

The old woman frowned, and drew away. "I've brought up your breakfast," said she, harshly. "It's on the table in the hall. Will you have it brought in?"

Madeline comprehended the truth in an instant. Betty had only come to help take care of her. How foolish she had been to think anything else! And yet she resolved to make one appeal to this woman, who had pretended to have been her mother's friend.

"You did me a service once!" she exclaimed, with clasped hands; "and oh, Betty, don't harden your heart against me now. Open that door, let me go free, and I will bless you to the latest day of my life."

Betty was visibly affected. She trembled from head to foot, and cast an apprehensive glance over her shoulder.

"I dare not," she whispered. "Don't ask me, child. I'd die for you, dear—I'd die for you, but I can't set you free. He—he would kill me."

"Who would kill you?" "Hush. It isn't for you to know. But the consequences to me would be terrible, if I were to help you."

Madeline stared at her. She could not comprehend these wild, contradictory words. She would have besought an explanation, but Betty's manner became suddenly cold and repellent again.

"Will you have your breakfast?" she asked, sullenly.

"Yes," said Madeline; "you may bring it in."

Betty stepped to the door and handed in a neatly-arranged tray, without once taking her searching eye from off the girl. There was no opportunity to slip past her into the hall, had an attempt of that sort been made. Madeline was too wary to run the risk.

"What house is this?" she asked, sipping her tea, and trying to speak in a tone of unconcern.

"It used to be a private madhouse; but it's been shut up for a number of years."

"Who brought me here?"

"Dick Daredevil. It was he who came up to stop your screaming."

"And we three are alone in the house?"

"Yes," sullenly. "There's another man they call Herr Obenreizer, who is to come presently. But he hasn't shown himself as yet."

Let it be remembered that Betty had not met with Herr Obenreizer up to this time. She had been waiting within the carriage on the previous evening, when he and Le Noir had brought Madeline's insensible form down from the house and thrust her into the vehicle. She had caught but the vaguest glimpse of his face or figure, and he had moved away directly without having spoken.

"Why was I brought to this lonely place?" Madeline persisted.

"Humph! You'll find out soon enough of yourself."

Betty was in her harshest mood, and refused to answer any more questions. She soon quitted the room, leaving Madeline to her own reflections. "Oh, if Philip only knew of this outrage!" sighed the poor girl; "he would come to my deliverance without the loss of a moment."

She expected no help from her stepmother. That wicked woman would miss her, of course, but she and Alicia would be too glad to have her out of the way, to ask any troublesome questions or seek to put anybody on her track. It was indeed possible that she had had as much to do with the abduction as had Le Noir.

Thus ran Madeline's reflections. When some time had elapsed in this manner, she began to examine more closely the apartment of which she was an enforced inmate. Nothing new came to light, though on approaching one of

the windows she observed that her room was in the second story, and that the garden below (which was spacious, though grown up to weeds and rank vegetation, was surrounded by a high wall. There seemed no possibility of escape.

The day passed without event of any sort. Betty made her appearance at regular hours with ample refreshments, and these visits were the only breaks in the monotony. But the old woman was sullen and taciturn, never speaking unless directly addressed, so that her company was not especially desirable.

Late the following morning, long after breakfast had been served, a brisk step came along the passage leading to her door, and the key clicked sharply in the lock. A moment afterward, Major Le Noir came in, bowing and smiling.

"My dear," said he, in his brisk, affable tones, "how do you like your quarters? Are you not glad to welcome an old friend?"

Madeline had expected this intrusion, sooner or later, but she grew sick at heart at sight of him, and retreated to the furthest corner of the room, scornfully rejecting the hand he outstretched.

"And so I have you to thank for the indignity I have been made to suffer?" she asked, in a low, deep voice.

"Don't, don't take up the rôle of the offended princess," he pleaded, sweetly. "All stratagems are fair in love and war, you know."

"Coward!" He winced under that bitter word. "You judge me too harshly, Madeline. I love you—let that plead my excuse."

"Coward!" she repeated, vehemently; "you care nothing for me. Don't pollute the word 'love' with your vile lips. It is the ingestre property you are after."

"I don't deny that I have an eye to the bank-stock and coupon-bonds of which you are the presumptive heiress," he returned, with imperturbable good humor. "But, to say nothing of the money, your charms have quite won my heart."

"Bah! Don't trouble yourself to tell white lies of that sort. The effort will be wasted energy."

"As Miss Madeline pleases."

The villain's easy good nature irritated her. "How long do you intend to keep me here?" she asked, sharply.

"Until you consent to my wishes—until you are ready to become my wife."

A cry of despair fell from her lips.

"Then I shall remain here for ever!" she said, hopelessly.

He made an effort to play the impassioned lover, but she disdainfully repelled his advances. She turned from him, white and desperate, refusing to hold any further speech with him. At last he went away, but she did not know whether he quitted the house or not.

The day passed slowly. As the lagging hours crept on, her thoughts ceased to dwell on her present defenseless condition, and at last fixed themselves on a subject that had a deep interest for her—those papers she had discovered in the secret hiding-place in the wall of the study. What had become of them? Had Le Noir taken possession of them?

It seemed probable. She remembered that he had been in the best possible humor, bearing her taunts with unusual equanimity. He had assuredly examined the papers, and found them to be of the first importance. Else why his strange persistency in his determination to make her his wife, even though compulsion should be necessary?

Of the papers themselves, it was impossible to think calmly. That yellow morsel, which she had barely glanced at, might be the proof that her mother had been a wedded wife! Oh, why had she not retained that, though everything else was lost?

But one resource seemed left to her. She must escape from this wretched confinement at all hazards, and go back to Ingestre Place—long enough at least to learn whether the precious papers were still remaining where she had found them or not. Her duty to the dead demanded that.

Having reached this decision, she tested the bars that guarded the windows, hoping escape might be possible in that way. The three first resisted her utmost efforts to stir them; but to her inexpressible joy, the fourth moved easily to its socket, though deeply imbedded in the wood. The sill was somewhat decayed, and with proper implements it would have been the work of a few minutes only to remove the bar. Once removed, the aperture would be sufficiently large for her to crawl through, and the window could be raised without difficulty.

She looked around her for some implement with which to remove the decayed wood. There was none—not even an old knife or a rusty nail. She would have been more utterly discouraged than ever but for the sudden thought that she had a small pair of scissors in the pocket of her dress, which she had chanced to leave there the day of her abduction.

With these scissors, using the sharp points in the rotten wood, did she begin the work of self-deliverance. She made rapid progress. Long ere nightfall she had loosened the lower end of the bar in such a manner that she felt assured that it could be withdrawn from its place without difficulty. The refuse matter was carefully collected and hidden under the bed. She threw a handkerchief over the window-sill, so disposing its folds that it effectually concealed what she had done.

Betty brought up her supper, and retired without having discovered anything to arouse her suspicions. Left to herself, Madeline waited with what patience she could command until the evening was pretty well advanced and there was no further risk of being disturbed again that night.

She then pulled the blankets from her bed and began to cut them into strips, which she carefully knotted together. In this way a stout rope was constructed, some fourteen or fifteen



feet long—amply sufficient to reach to the ground.

It took a long while to remove the bar which she had loosened during the day, since all her movements must be made with extreme caution. But at last she accomplished this object, and raised the window. After listening many minutes to assure herself that nobody was stirring, she tied the rope to the bar that remained in the sill, dropping the loose end from the window.

Hastily equipping herself for flight, so far as her limited resources permitted, she firmly grasped the rope she had made in both hands, and fearlessly swung herself clear of the window. In a few moments she had reached the ground, her hands sore and chafed, but otherwise unhurt.

She lingered to collect herself, looking up half apprehensively at the dark, frowning walls of the building she had just left. At nearly the same instant she heard the deep, hoarse baying of a hound. The sound seemed to proceed from the other side of the house.

Her heart leaped into her mouth. She sped away, taking no thought of the direction in which she was going. Fear lent to her wings. She only struggled to get within the deep shadow of the trees and underbrush before her flight should be discovered. From thence it was possible that she might reach the high wall at some remote point, and be able to climb over.

At last she paused to listen. One or two lights flashed from the windows, but all was still for a few moments. Then she suddenly heard a stealthy tread at no great distance. Turning, she saw the indistinct outline of a man's form.

He was coming directly toward her. Perhaps he could see her, despite the gloomy recesses in which she had hidden herself. Suppressing a shriek of terror, she rushed wildly on. He followed, steadily and relentlessly. The underbrush now cracked beneath the tread of pursuer and pursued.

Madeline did not give herself up to despair. She strained every nerve, she redoubled her efforts, she soon fancied that she was distancing the man. A thrill of hope and joy sent the blood tingling through her veins in steadier currents. Perhaps she might escape yet!

The illusion was soon dispelled. She ran with the speed of the wind. But swiftly and still more swiftly the pursuer's footsteps came up behind her. At last she reached the wall. It was high and unbroken, presenting a smooth surface that could not easily be scaled. Something akin to despair came over her when she made this discovery. Her case seemed more hopeless than ever.

But there was no time to be lost. Further along she might come to some break over which she could climb. Nerved by this thought, she bounded forward, keeping close to the base of the wall. On, on, on she flew, keeping close watch for some point that might be scaled. All in vain. A terrible weakness came over her, tears blinded her eyes, she made a last frantic effort—tattered and swayed wearily from side to side like a child learning to walk, and finally stood still in her tracks.

At the same instant, a hot breath fanned her cheek and a hand caught hold of her arm with all the tenacity of a vice.

#### CHAPTER XXVIII.—DESPAIR.

MADLINE made no struggle. A strange apathy had come over her. She stood quietly waiting to learn who her pursuer might be, and what he wanted of her.

The man's grip upon her arm did not relax in the least. He put his face close to her own, evidently trying to distinguish her features through the gloom and sombre shadows of the night. Failing in this, he struck a match, holding it close to her face while it burnt out.

Madeline took advantage of this friendly light to satisfy her own curiosity, for somehow she felt assured that her pursuer had not come directly from the building she had herself quit. She saw a countenance that was wholly strange, but hardly calculated to inspire trust, with its hard features and flinty eyes.

"And so it is you, miss?" said the man. "I suspected as much. Been trying to get away, eh?"

She turned with the desperate resolve of appealing to him for protection, despite his forbidding looks.

"Save me!" she cried. "I am flying from wretches who have made a prisoner of me. For the love of heaven, help me to escape."

The brute laughed low and heartlessly.

"Don't waste words on me, miss," he said, sullenly. "I'm going to take you back to the asylum."

His tone chilled her more than the words.

"Who are you?" she asked, sharply.

"Herr Obenreizer, at your service."

She remembered that name. Betty had spoken of him as one of her captors. She saw the foxy of entreaties, and uttered none. But a low moan escaped her lips.

A sound broke the stillness just then. It came from the direction of the asylum. It was the bay of a hound—the same deep, hoarse bay that Madeline had heard once before. But now it seemed to be coming nearer.

"Ah," exclaimed Herr Obenreizer, "they have discovered your flight. Dick is out with that devil of a bloodhound of his. We'll wait here until they come up."

Lights flashed through openings in the shrubbery, and they could hear the murmur of voices. These signs and sounds wound hither and thither among the underbrush along the devious route by which Madeline's flight had been directed. They slowly yet steadily approached the spot where she now leaned tremblingly against the wall.

Herr Obenreizer drew a deep breath. "Lucky I'm with you," he muttered. "That bloodhound might have torn you limb from limb, if they have let him loose. He is a savage beast."

But the girl's enemies had been too shrewd to run any risk. Alive, she was worth her weight in gold to them; dead, she was worth nothing. The animal was led by a chain, secured to the collar round his neck. He advanced no faster than those who had set him to follow the girl advanced.

The two stood by the wall and waited. The lanterns flashed close beside them, presently, and long diverging rays of light shot over their motionless figures. The hound saw them first, gave a deep howl, and attempted to leap forward. But his master, Dick Daredevil, held him back.

"Here she is," cried he, raising his lantern until its light fell on Madeline's face.

Le Noir was with him. The two separated a little, as if to hem her in and cut off all retreat. They did not observe Herr Obenreizer until close upon him. Then the major drew back with a start.

"You here?" he exclaimed. "By all that's lovely, how does it happen that you are with Miss Ingestre?"

"I knew you were at the asylum," he answered. "I was coming to see you, and happened to fall in with this young lady, who seemed to be taking a walk by midnight."

The brute laughed. Le Noir recovered his usual equanimity, and joined in his mirth. Then he went up to Madeline, gently taking her hand.

"My dear," said he, sweetly, "did you think to escape me so easily? You do not know when you are well off. You seek to run away from your friends."

"Friends!" she repeated, in infinite scorn.

She disdained to say another word. She felt weak and sick, and resigned herself to her fate with apathetic indifference. Le Noir looked at her, complacently stroking his blonde moustache.

"But for the dog here, you might have given us no end of trouble," said he. "The faithful brute gave us the first intimation of your flight, and now he has led us to you."

"Clever fellow!" and Dick caressed the hound.

Madeline stood silent and motionless. Le Noir spoke to her again, after a brief silence. "Of course you will go back with us quietly? And remember," hissing the words close to her ear, "you neither can nor shall regain your freedom until you promise to become my wife."

The girl pushed past him and clung to Dick Daredevil. "Will you take me back, since I must go?" she said.

Le Noir knitted his brow, but offered no opposition. And thus the party set out on their return to the house, Dick and Madeline leading the way, Herr Obenreizer and Le Noir bringing up the rear.

The two latter fell into confidential talk. They spoke in subdued tones, but now and then a word or even a whole sentence would reach Madeline's ears.

"Have you done that business for Marston?" Le Noir asked.

"No," Herr Obenreizer replied. "He fights shy of me. Perhaps he suspects something. Anyhow, I can't trap him, to do my best."

"That's bad. Do you think he knows that Madeline is missing?"

"I'm sure he does not."

Herr Obenreizer lied. He had not seen Marston since that meeting in the woods. Nor did he feel particularly anxious to fall in with him. But the major believed that he was replying in good faith to his questions.

"It is well," he returned. "Marston will be worse than a bloodhound on our track, when he once does get an inkling of our little game. You'd better hurry up matters with him, as fast as possible."

"Of course. I came over to-night to report the difficulties of the case. I may be more successful in another day or two."

Madeline heard sufficient to understand that her disappearance had been kept as secret as possible at Ingestre Place, and that she had friends who were likely to come to her rescue, so soon as they knew of the treachery that had been plotted against her.

"God be thanked," said she to herself. "If I could only get some word to Philip, or to Mr. Marston, all would be well. I should not mind a few days more of imprisonment."

They were now approaching the house, a great black building, three stories in height. Old Betty stood in the hall-door, holding a flaming candle above her head, peering anxiously into the dusk without. The harsh, strongly-marked features of her face were plainly visible, and even seemed to stand out with unusual prominence.

Herr Obenreizer saw her, and paused of a sudden. A strange tremor shook his frame. "Who's that?" he asked, in a voice that sounded hoarse and unnatural.

"It is Betty," replied Le Noir, who had not forgotten the curiosity he had expressed before concerning this woman. "I told you she was to be here. She was waiting in the carriage that night when we thrust Madeline into it."

"I remember—there was a woman—one of the servants."

"Yes; you could not see her face for the darkness."

Herr Obenreizer stood for some seconds staring at that grim, gaunt figure, in a bewildered, incredulous manner. Finally, he turned. "I'll not go in," said he. "It's best—I'm needed elsewhere, you know—to look after Marston."

Le Noir did not seek to detain him, and he strode away, and was soon lost to sight in the shadows of the night. As the trio that was left moved on, the major said to Dick:

"Isn't the gate locked?"

"Yes."

"How, then, did that fellow get into the grounds?"

"He has a key. I gave him one."

"Ah, to be sure."

They ascended the steps, and entered the house. Betty did not speak, but Madeline was

sure she detected a look of sorrow and pity in her eyes, when she turned them upon her.

After a brief consultation with Dick, Le Noir led the way up-stairs, signing for the others to follow. He did not pause on the first landing, but mounted to the next. Two long passages branched off in either direction. They took that leading to the right, traversing it to the end. A stout oaken door barred the way, at last. Dick produced a bundle of keys, selecting one from the number.

"This room is perfectly secure," said he, with a chuckle. "There'll be no climbing out of windows here."

He threw wide the door. The apartment was small, and furnished very nearly as the other had been, with the exception that the bed was little else than a rude pallet on the bare floor. The walls looked thick enough to defy a siege, and the bars that protected the windows were of iron, and quite numerous.

Le Noir glanced around the room very complacently. "I shall rest easy now," said he, with an aggravating smile, "for I shall know that my precious little bird is safe."

Madeline entered the dismal place without demur. She heard the bolt click into its socket, and the major's parting words whispered through the keyhole: "These are your quarters until you are ready to marry me." She listened until the last echo of retreating footsteps died away. Then, as the full horror of her situation burst upon her mind, her very heart died within her.

The long night came to an end. Betty served her meals as usual, the next day. But there was a scarcely-definable change in the old woman's manner. Her whole face wore a softened expression. She said little, not being given to speech. However, she watched Madeline in an eager, wistful way, as if she longed to help her, but durst not. The girl's patient endurance had touched her heart, perhaps.

Three or four days elapsed. Le Noir seemed to be off and on at the asylum. Sometimes he penetrated to the dreary prison where Madeline was languishing, and renewed his offers and entreaties. She hardly listened to him at such times. His presence inspired her with horror and disgust. He saw this, and was wise enough not to make his visits of too frequent occurrence. He had no wish to fill her mind with unconquerable hatred of himself.

Betty kept up her watchfulness and strange looks. At last, one morning when Madeline seemed more than usually dejected, she broke through the bonds of fear that had held her, sufficiently to volunteer a piece of information.

"That bloodhound has been taken away," said she, looking keenly at the girl—"that miserable brute which tracked you out before."

"Where is he?"

"Dick Daredevil has sent him to the city. I don't know why—some whim or other, doubtless. At any rate, he is gone."

"They are not afraid of my getting away a second time, or they would have kept him."

Betty was silent. Something in her expression awoke to life a new hope in Madeline's heart. She held up her hands, bursting into tears.

"Oh, Betty!" she cried, "I know you are sorry for me. Why will you not help me? Why will you not leave these wretches, and fly with me?"

The woman became very pale, and glanced apprehensively around. "If I only dared!" she whispered. "But I cannot. Don't ask me. There's something you do not understand that keeps me here."

Madeline paid no heed to these last words. "This confinement is killing me," she urged. "You will not be so cruel as to keep it up? You can help me if you will. You loved my mother. For her sake I ask you to let me go free."

Betty wrung her hands. "Don't—don't," she moaned. "It's my heart's blood you're asking, child."

Madeline stared at her. She could not doubt that her distress was genuine. It all seemed very incomprehensible, though. What did Betty mean? What had she meant on the former occasion when her help had been sought? There was some mystery here that Madeline could not fathom.

"I will not ask what is unreasonable," she said, slowly. "If a sacrifice must be made, it shall be myself, and not you."

"God bless you, child! And try to take heart. Something is sure to happen for your good before it comes to the worst. I've hoped it all along, and I hope it still. If you'd only got away that night! But that wasn't to be. I can do nothing myself, but some of your friends will come to your deliverance ere long. I know they will."

Betty spoke in a tone of deep and impassioned earnestness. Pity took the place of the distrust Madeline had felt ever since that memorable night of her first visit to the west wing. She saw there was some powerful reason why the old woman could not assist her to escape. She ceased to press the matter, since it distressed her so singularly.

Madeline asked for no explanation, being convinced of the uselessness of so doing. She discontinued the subject altogether, but soon took up another, in which she had a most intense interest.

"You have often spoken of my mother," said she, suddenly, "and always in the most grateful terms; she must have been dearer to you than most mistresses are to their servants. Will you not tell me why you were so strongly attached to her?"

She paused, noting the peculiar change that took place in her companion's face. Would the old woman tell her what she asked, and thus let in a little more light upon the mysterious subject of the past?

(To be continued.)

We should not retain the remembrance of faults we have once forgiven.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

MILK. CERETO, the celebrated danseuse, is coming to America.

BARON VON SCHLOSSER, the successor of Baron Gerolt as Prussian Minister to Washington, is remarkably gifted as a musician.

ONE-FOURTH of the members-elect to the Massachusetts Senate are graduates of colleges Harvard furnishing the majority.

SEGUNDO CABO (Deputy Captain-General), CRESPO, who was in command at Havana when the massacre of the students took place, has been removed, and returned to Spain on the 15th of January.

THE Commission of the French Assembly, to whom the subject was referred, has made a report, approving the project of a steam ferry across the Straits of Dover, between the towns of Dover and Calais.

THE London Times, after reviewing the circumstances which led to the recall of Mr. Catacazy from Washington, comes to the conclusion that "the Minister served his Government zealously, but not judiciously."

DANIEL PRATT, the G.A.T., has brought up, not at the White House, but the jail at Manchester, N.H., on a charge of vagrancy. His bed must have been luxurious, for when last seen he had a roll of carpet in each shoe.

MILTON P. LEE died recently in Illinois, and was buried ten feet, in a triple coffin, the outer one being of two-inch oak, securely spiked. These precautions were taken to insure a quiet rest and immunity from artificial resurrection.

M. GAMBETTA recently arrived at Marseilles, and as soon as his presence was known, the assembly of friends became so numerous and turbulent, that the troops were ordered to the scene, and the chasseurs charged upon and dispersed the mob.

THE Rev. Wm. Taylor, of England, who preached so acceptably to the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, last Summer, has accepted a call to the pastorate of the Tabernacle Church in New York City, lately vacated by the Rev. J. P. Thompson, D.D.

WE regret to learn of the death of Mr. S. W. H. Ward, one of the most enterprising merchants of New York city. He was a gentleman of the strictest business integrity, and much endeared to a large circle of acquaintances. He was fifty-two years of age.

THE German residents of London are signing a petition to Prince Bismarck, urging him to demand of the United States apology and indemnity for supplies furnished by American citizens to the French Government of National Defense during the late war with Germany.

MRS. MARGARET BROWN is Enticing Clerk of the Tennessee Senate, and with such signal ability does she perform her duties, that a resolution was recently offered in that body, thanking her "for the intelligent industry, faultless accuracy, and perfect neatness" displayed in her department.

THE house in which General Putnam made his headquarters during the siege of Boston, in 1775-6, still stands, in a good state of preservation, and has a peculiarly venerable appearance; and well it might. It was erected in 1725 or '26, and was long the residence of Ralph Inman, a refugee loyalist.

SECRETARY BELKNAP will, this Winter, keep house at the corner of H Street and Madison Place, in Washington, and Mrs. Bower, the widowed sister of the late Mrs. Belknap, will do the honors incumbent upon the position, as listed by two sisters of the Secretary, Miss Belknap and Mrs. Walcutt.

THE *New Free Press* of Vienna says the speeches upon American antiquities at the Thanksgiving dinner given by the Hon. John Jay are a topic of discussion in the leading European journals, and expresses the hope that the United States Government will aid in solving the problems which have been recently developed by discoveries in the archives of Austria.

THE Cragie House, now occupied by Mr. Longfellow, and once the headquarters of General Washington, was built in 1759, by Colonel John Vassall. No dwelling in New England of its age remains more spacious and elegant than this. Under its roof Edward Everett, Jared Sparks, and Joseph Worcester of dictionary fame, have lived, and here have been composed the exquisite productions of Longfellow's genius.

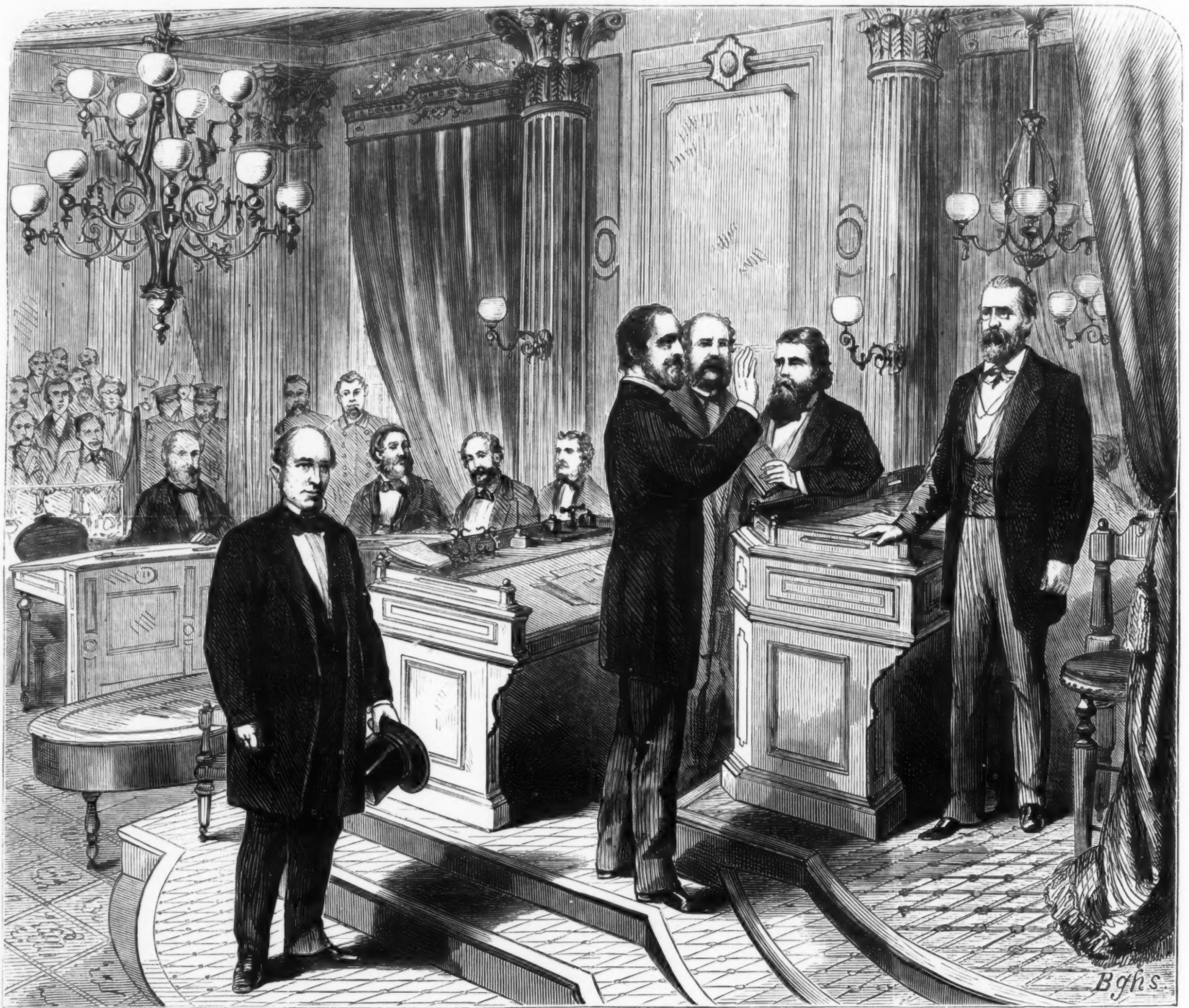
EDWARD POWERS, a civil engineer of Chicago, Ill., has petitioned Congress for aid to enable him to test his method for the artificial production of rain. He wants to be furnished with 300 cannon of not less than 24-pound calibre each, and 30,000 pounds of powder, with an electric battery and other appliances, to enable him to discharge all the pieces simultaneously. He doesn't say he intends bombarding China, but if he proposes to lay siege to Jupiter Pluvius with all that material, we fear that worthy is destined to an abbreviated reign.

#### SCIENTIFIC.

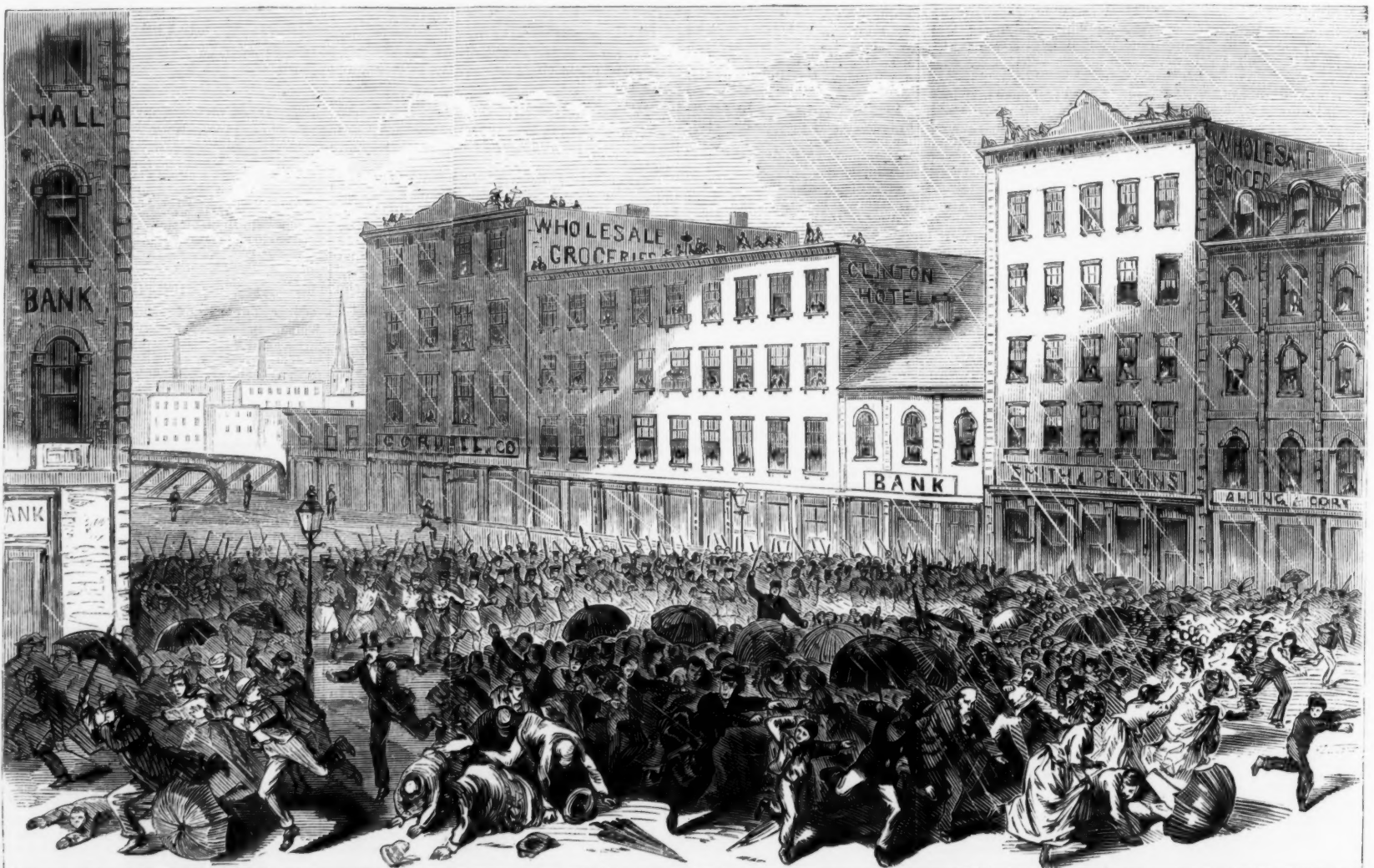
NEW THEORY OF OCEAN CURRENTS.—Dr. William B. Carpenter, the distinguished English physiologist and biologist, has lately been engaged in some investigations on board H. M. S. *Porcupine*, in the Mediterranean and the Straits of Gibraltar. He has shown conclusively the existence of an undercurrent, setting outward, which counterbalances the surface current, running from the Atlantic inward. The water flowing in becomes denser by evaporation, and sinks to the bottom. As each top layer is renewed, it displays a layer of equal size from the bottom, which moves outward, and thus establishes a current, which is kept up by the agency of heat alone. Dr. Carpenter attempts to apply this same principle in the explanation of the general system of oceanic circulation, alleging the existence of a surface current from the Equator toward the poles, and a bottom current in the reverse direction. His observations, although very valuable, need repetition and confirmation.

FIRE-PROOF DRESSES.—A chemist of Vienna, it is reported, has succeeded in discovering a composition which will make even the slight material of ballet-dancers' dresses fire-proof. The Prince of Lichtenstein has given this composition a first trial on the stage in his own palace, in the presence of a numerous company. The rise of the curtain discovered two life-sized dolls, dressed as ballet-girls, to both of which a light was applied. One of the dolls was rapidly reduced to ashes, while the other, saturated with the protective composition, escaped with a small hole burned in the dress. This experiment was so satisfactory, that the Prince of Lichtenstein is having a wooden theatre erected outside of Vienna, for the purpose of making another trial of the fire-proof composition, with which the boards are to be saturated. If the building resists fire, the success will be accepted as final, and in that event the discoverer has an order to make the scenery of the Vienna City Theatre unflammable.



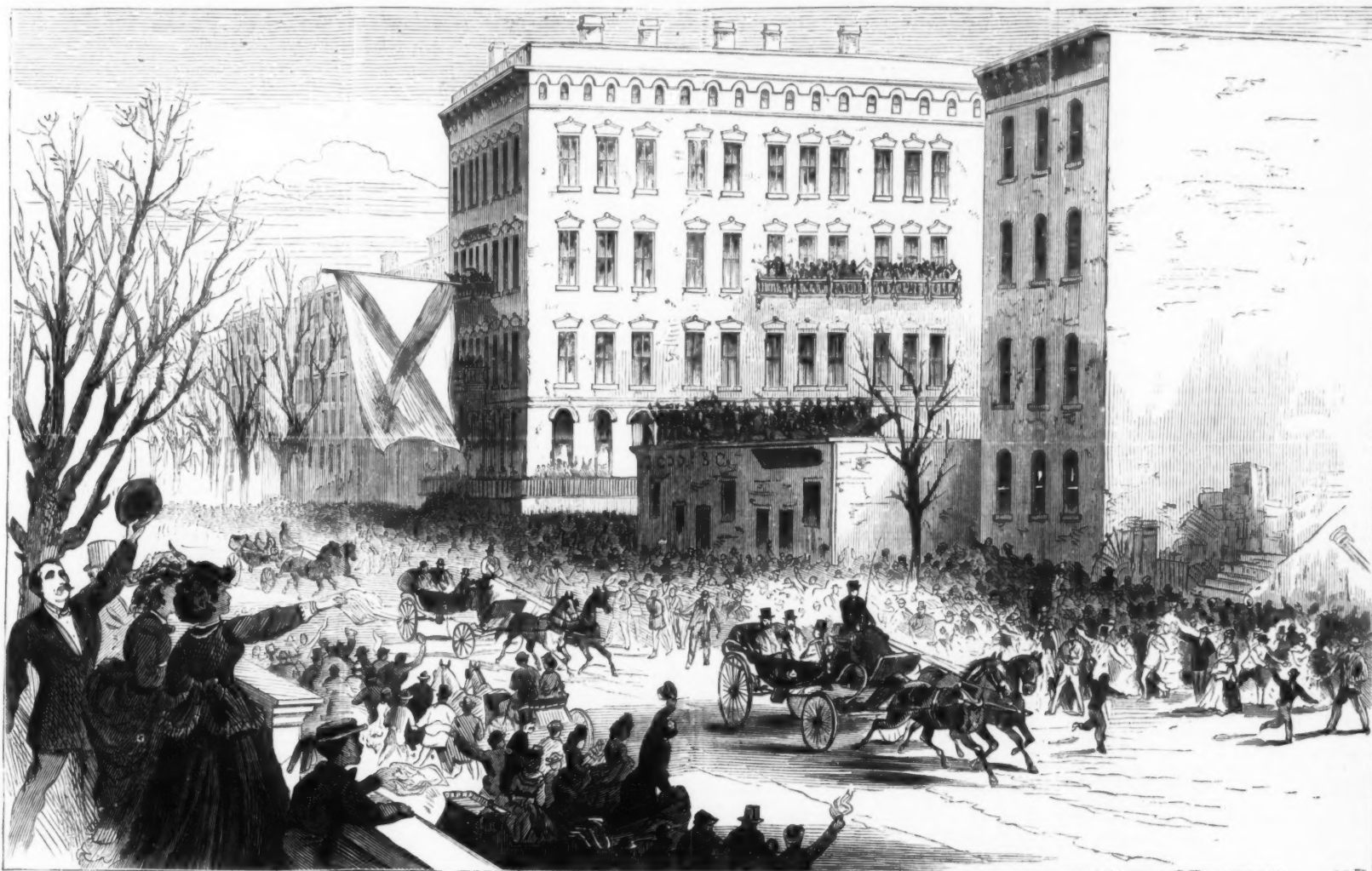


NEW YORK CITY.—MAYOR HALL ADMINISTERING THE OATH OF OFFICE TO THE NEWLY ELECTED BOARD OF ALDERMEN.—SEE PAGE 293.



NEW YORK.—THE ROCHESTER RIOT.—THE POLICE CHARGING ON THE MOB IN EXCHANGE STREET.—FROM A SKETCH BY W. A. LODER.—SEE PAGE 295.





CHICAGO.—THE GRAND DUKE ALEXIS AND SUITE ON A DRIVE THROUGH THE BURNT DISTRICT.—SEE PAGE 293.

## ROSSEL AND FERRE.

LOUIS NATHANIEL ROSSEL, who was twenty-seven years old at the time of his execution, was born at St. Brieuc, in Brittany. He was by religion a Protestant, and his mother was a Scotch lady named Campbell. Twelve years ago he graduated at the Ecole Polytechnique, and on leaving that establishment, joined the Engineers, in which he obtained the rank of captain. When M. Gambetta was the virtual dictator of France, he promoted Rossel to the rank of colonel, and entrusted him with an important and delicate mission on the Loire. After the peace, Rossel sought employment from M. Thiers, but was refused, for the present President of the Republic had no love for Gambetta's favorites. Rossel accordingly resigned, and happening to be in Paris on the 18th of March, offered his sword to the Commune. He was incomparably the best officer the Commune possessed, he took no part in their atrocities, and every right-thinking man must regret that the victorious Versailles did not imitate the wise clemency of our Government after the civil war, and show mercy to such an illustrious rebel. We need not here repeat the story of his trial and execution.

Theophile Ferré was altogether a man of a different stamp, a genuine descendant of the

Terrorists of 1793. He is thus described by Mr. John Leighton, author of "Paris under the Commune": "Ferré, the friend of Raoul Rigault, and his colleague in the Commission of General Safety, had inhabited the prisons for a considerable time for his political writings, seditious proposals and plots against the state. He is a small man, about five feet high, and very active. He signed with avidity the suppression of nearly all the journals in Paris, and the sentence of death of a great number of unfortunate prisoners. He willingly undertook to announce to the Archbishop of Paris that his last hour had arrived. The following order,



FRANK M. WATSON. THE MISSING BOY.

drawn up by him, was found on the body of an insurgent: 'Set fire to the Ministry of Finance immediately, and return here.' We may add that on the occasion of the Baudin funeral manifestation in 1868 he climbed a monument and began a speech thus: 'Vive la République! La Convention à Tuilleries! La Raison à Notre-Dame!' During the conspiracy trial at Blois he was arrested and accused; he was acquitted for want of evidence, but his behavior was extremely violent. Under the Commune he persistently demanded the death of General Lecomte, and upon the entry of the Versailles troops into Paris, he engaged actively in the setting fire to public

buildings, and took a leading part in the massacre of the hostages."

For this reason his summary execution by the Thiers government excites much less sympathy than in the case of the brave Rossel.

## FRANK M. WATSON, THE MISSING BOY.

This case is, no doubt, another added to the list of robbery, and probably abduction, for which our city is notorious. Sent, on August 19th last, at about half-past ten A.M., to the Custom-house, thence to the Hanover Bank, where he drew on a gold check \$840—viz., a \$500 and three \$100 gold checks, and two \$20 gold pieces—he has not been seen or heard from since. He was fourteen years of age on May 9th last, four feet ten inches in height, dark-blue eyes, dark-brown hair, fresh, open countenance. Dressed in dark-blue sack and vest, black and white striped pants, and black silk skull-cap, with peak. Any information of his whereabouts will be thankfully received and liberally rewarded by his father, J. C. Watson, 57 Broadway, room 20, New York. His employers, Messrs Scudder & Davis, of 107 Front Street, offer a reward of \$500 for the recovery of the money.



LOUIS NATHANIEL ROSSEL.



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